JOHN BULL, AUGUST 10, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1208.
Vol. XLVI.

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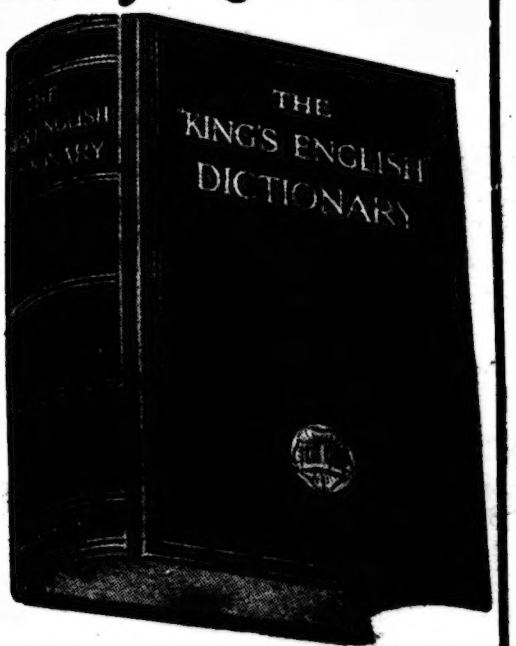

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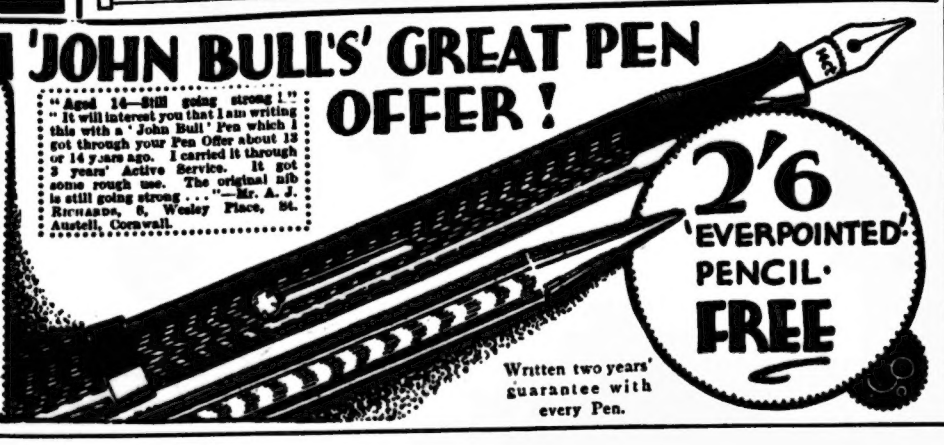

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THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 10, 1929. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Buying Beaverbrook's Right Hands—Co-op. Caution

MORE than once Mr. William Harrison, chairman of the Inveresk Paper Company and United Newspapers, Ltd., which owns the *Daily Chronicle* group, has created a sensation in the newspaper world.

His latest is to make a surprise attack on the Beaverbrook stronghold in Shoe Lane, with the object of capturing all the key men of the *Express* group.

* * *

His first success is with Mr. A. Beverley Baxter, managing editor of the *Daily Express*, who has capitulated to the astonishing offer of £10,000 a year with an eight years' contract.

* * *

Not since Mr. Gilbert Frankau commenced journalism as editor of *Britannia*, another Harrison venture, at £200 a week, has such a salary been paid in the profession.

Fleet Street, naturally, is gasping, but more in amazement than envy.

The King's plans

The King's medical advisers have not entirely ruled out the possibility of finding His Majesty a suitable winter residence in England.

The south-west corner of England, on the Devon or Cornish coasts, where palms grow in the open air, is recognised to be the only spot that offers a chance of the King staying among his own people and enjoying Christmas at home.

* * *

If, for the sake of a warm climate that is also dry, His Majesty must winter abroad, South Africa, rather than North Africa, which we have mentioned as possible, would be popular. Then we should all feel that, though the King had left us, he had only gone to stay with friends.

Another big bite

The move towards a gigantic international electrical manufacturing combine controlled by America has now been advanced further.

The American General Electric Co. has practically completed negotiations with the German A.E.G., which controls the major proportion of the German industries.

* * *

Mr. Owen Young, head of the American Company, is in Berlin; and by buying large blocks of A.E.G. shares on the open market he has reached a position where he can force the A.E.G. to agree to his terms.

It will not be long before the American giant has practically the whole of the world electrical industry in its power. We hope those who helped to defeat the attempt to keep the British industry British will then feel pleased.

Ottonomics

If the wages of cotton operatives were doubled, the cost of yarn would have to be increased by one-eighth of a penny per pound, and the increase in the cost of fabrics would be less than a halfpenny per yard.

No cut in wages, therefore, can appreciably affect markets.

America Makes Art Costly

Inflated Air Force

The cotton masters are obsessed with the idea that wages must be reduced to what they call the "economic level."

Nevertheless they are perfectly content to allow middlemen, who neither toil nor spin, to bleed the industry to death by blatant profiteering in the goods they handle.

As Mr. A. G. Gardiner drives home on another page, this industry needs reorganising from top to bottom.

And, whether the cotton masters like it or not, the cutting must begin at the top.

Business is business

Various trade unions, which originally thought that if they banked with the Co-operative Wholesale Society's

He assured them of firm securities

Bank they would be able to obtain big overdrafts whenever they wanted them, have suffered a rude awakening.

"No advance without security," is the motto with which the C.W.S. Bank has met them; and it has definitely told them that without sufficient security there can be no overdrafts.

Although half a million pounds is at present out to various unions on overdraft, the shareholding Co-operative Societies have been assured by Sir William Dudley, one of the directors, that the amount is fully covered by firm securities.

Lord Lloyd

Lord Lloyd is now considering an offer to put his intimate knowledge of the East at the service of the great oil combines.

It is probable that he will join the board of the Shell Transport and Trading Company very soon, and possibly one or two of the other concerns in the Royal-Dutch-Shell group.

Lord Lloyd knows India, Burma and Asia Minor thoroughly, in addition to Egypt, and his knowledge will be of great value to the oil combine in its world marketing extensions.

He will probably also rejoin the board of Lloyds Bank, of which he was a director previously. There he will find plenty to do, although it is a pity the nation no longer requires his services. He has great ability.

Time heals all things

Some of the Civil Servants who turned conscientious objectors during the war, and refused to undertake work of national service as an alternative to joining the forces, have taken advantage of the change of Government to ask for the removal of the ban on their re-employment.

The Home Secretary has informed them that their case is being carefully considered.

Meanwhile, powerful influences are at work on their behalf.

Fighting Philip

Mr. Philip Snowden has gone to The Hague Conference in a fighting mood.

He is content with the amount which Germany is to pay, but he is not content with the share that is coming to Great Britain.

The Committee of Experts have propounded a plan which will mean still further sacrifices by us for the benefit of France and Italy.

Mr. Snowden will fight against this proposal tooth and nail—even at the risk of making himself still more unpopular with our former Allies.

Roping them in

Miss Margaret Bondfield, the Minister of Labour, is inquiring very closely into certain industries, where the workers are unorganised, the wages low, and the hours long. She is anxious to establish Trade Boards, and so improve working conditions.

Three of the first cases to receive her attention are to be the grocery trade, the catering trade, and the drapery trade.

In each industry the conditions imposed by some employers are scandalously bad.

Bear and Beaver

Quite a number of people are waiting with interest the result of Lord Beaverbrook's visit to Russia, which begins next week.

Lord Beaverbrook has always been in favour of trade with Russia; and the Soviet have laid plans to impress him with the potentialities of the country.

They hope that his return will be followed by an extensive Press campaign to hurry up the British Government, and also that it will have welcome repercussions in certain banking and financial quarters where Lord Beaverbrook is known to exert considerable influence.

Who wants them?

In distressed areas there is bitter criticism of Parliament's action in voting £106,000 towards the purchase price of two pictures for the National Gallery. One of these pictures, a Titian, is being bought from the Duke of Northumberland.

It has been said that the Duke could have obtained as much as £200,000 for the picture if he had cared to sell it to some wealthy American dealer. This may be true, and the Duke is undoubtedly making a financial sacrifice.

But in these hard times £106,000 is a lot of money to vote from the public purse for works of art which have been given a fictitious value by wealthy Americans.

Up and up

The Air Ministry has just passed plans for a large extension of the recruiting of aircraft apprentices.

Orders for new construction are also being allocated on a scale which suggests that, whatever economies are contemplated in the Navy and Army spheres, the Royal Air Force is not to be diminished.

Lord Thomson has pressed this view on the Cabinet with more success than his predecessor, Sir Samuel Hoare, met with from the Baldwin Government.

Where there's a will

Further details about the new German battleship, *Ersatz-Preussen*, which we described some weeks ago, are now available. They have caused a panic among the experts, not only in Whitehall but in Washington.

General Groener, German Defence Minister, is responsible for "Ersatz-Preussen"

A new design of Diesel engine has made *Ersatz-Preussen* almost invulnerable. She is one knot faster than the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Built cleverly within the limits imposed by the armament treaties, she puts every ship of her class out of running. As a commerce raider of the *Emden* type, she could engage three ordinary cruisers and destroy them at leisure.

So far, we have no answer to the challenge. The new Diesel engines used in *Ersatz-Preussen* have solved the weight question. They are light beyond precedent, and the Germans are keeping the designs to themselves.

All of which shows that limitation of armaments and treaties avail nothing while the will to war remains.

Round the pump

The oil leaders now in conference have, as we stated they would some weeks back, definitely decided against another increase in petrol prices for the time being.

Instead, they have agreed that profits can be improved equally well by co-operation in production and marketing.

They might have decided this before the last rise.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Speed sties

Some of the methods adopted by the police in the Manchester 'bus war are almost beyond belief.

The authorities have even gone to the extent of disguising constables as plumbers and other workmen. These board a 'bus, impress upon young drivers the urgency of their business, and cajole them to "step on the gas."

Sequel—a prosecution at the instigation and on the evidence of these police spies.

One policeman entered a 'bus dressed as a tennis player and obtained a prosecution for a minor offence.

The police are aided in their underhand efforts by the tramway authorities—the great rivals of the 'buses.

Indisputable evidence made available at a recent Transport Ministry enquiry dispels all doubts that a system of deliberate persecution has been pursued against the 'bus owners for a considerable time.

Who is responsible for the introduction of these methods? Apart from other considerations, they are unfair to the policemen themselves, who hate the job.

British Army nowhere

A revealing light was shed on the antiquated methods of the R.A.M.C. at the recent London Conference of the Army Pharmaceutical Services of European Countries.

Sir M. H. G. Fell, head of the R.A.M.C., should blush

The British Army was totally unrepresented among the delegates because of the ignominious fact that our Service does not contain a single certificated pharmacist.

All the highly skilled technical operations which the pharmacist is called upon to discharge daily are left almost entirely in the hands of N.C.O.s and men whose only claim to skill and knowledge is based on a partial training received in the ranks of the R.A.M.C. itself.

The laws governing civil pharmacy are stringent and the standard of qualification is very high, so that the general public is well protected.

Why should the health and the lives of the Army be entirely in the hands of compounders who, good fellows though they are, cannot but be imperfectly trained?

Begin at home

A useful start on unemployment relief schemes could be made by setting to work to provide more adequate public buildings on certain sites in Whitehall.

Some of the Government Departments are shockingly congested and the staffs work under bad conditions.

Montague House, where the Ministry of Labour is housed, consists partly of wooden hutments, which are an eyesore to everybody. Closely related departments which should be under the same roof are housed half a mile apart.

Beach lords

Very many letters have come congratulating us on our article last week on Bumble-Grundy at the seaside.

But it is General Grundy and an admiral of that ilk who rule Southsea. It is impossible to improve the amenities of the sea-front there because the War Office insists on retaining that antiquated and utterly useless edifice, Southsea Castle, in face of the universal wish in the town to have a winter garden in its place.

When the question arises of putting up bathing-huts or sun-huts on the Eastern Parade the Admiralty steps in as owner of the beach.

Fortunately the Air Ministry has not yet stepped in to claim the ozone.

His masters' voices?

The joint industrial council of the Cablemakers' Association has just sent a deputation to see the new P.M.G. to urge the intensive development of the telephone system as a means of providing employment on a paying basis.

They were told that no speeding-up was contemplated, but that the Post Office proposed to drift along as in the past, keeping new subscribers waiting two or three months for a telephone.

Does this mean that the Postmaster-General is in much the same position as his Tory predecessor—in other words, under the thumb of his chief officials?

Hedgerow slums

Within the next few weeks from 70,000 to 100,000 people will find their way to the hopfields vast numbers of them to live in conditions which, despite some improvements, are not fit for cattle.

In several districts there is no adequate water supply, while the sanitary conditions are disgraceful.

Many of the huts in which the hop-pickers are herded have no windows, nor any ventilation except the doors. Straw is the usual bedding, and with oil stoves and coke fires burning close to the huts, the risk of fire makes one shudder.

The Ministry of Health has drawn up an excellent set of regulations for the improvement of conditions.

But, more often than not, these are put in force only at the discretion of the local rural district councils. These are largely composed of farmers who regard the regulations as a needless source of expense.

A big bill

Mr. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Secretary, must give the Turkish Government a jolt in regard to the claims of British nationals which have been outstanding since the war.

The Turkish Government, in the Treaty of Lausanne, undertook to repay British nationals whose property had been damaged during the war.

This undertaking has been cynically disregarded by Mustapha Kemal.

Dens going cheap

The number of "To let" signs which now adorn many properties in Soho and the West End of London, formerly night-clubs and "dinner-for-two-in-a-private-room" restaurants, is eloquent testimony of the efficiency of Lord Byng's clean-up.

Agents are having considerable difficulty in letting these premises even at reduced and normal rents.

It is also true, however, that the worst of the night-club haunts are still being carried on deep down in Mother Earth.

Scotland Yard, of course, can and will dig these rats out at the opportune moment, which ought not to be postponed much longer.

A sturdy democrat

The proprietor of a restaurant at Ellesmere Port has placed a board outside his establishment stating that the "workmen's café" is downstairs, while the "gentlemen's café" is in the upper regions.

Doubtless separate rooms for the use of women and ladies will come in time.

Meanwhile, we are humbly obliged to the proprietor for his democratic instincts in recognising that workmen exist, and that they must also eat.

S'lot o' nonsense

Mention was made in the Law Courts last week of a patent for delivering liquid refreshment out of automatic machines.

It only requires putting the idea into effect to reduce the Dora business to its final absurdity.

Tobacco is extensively supplied by machines at hours when shop-keepers are forbidden to sell it over the counter; and milk can be obtained from taps in dairymen's doorways.

If a desire for a smoke or a thirst for milk may be quenched in this fashion, why not the craving for a cocktail?

Meanwhile, a hungry man cannot buy bread after eight o'clock, although the bakers' shops are open to sell pork pies!

Bernhard Baron

Mr. Bernhard Baron is dead—and hundreds of thousands mourn him.

He was a model millionaire. By his own ingenuity and perseverance he

"A model millionaire"

built up a vast fortune in the tobacco trade. But he never forgot what it felt like to be poor.

He gave away literally millions of money to every kind of charity whose aim was truly to help the under-dog and the folk whom life has broken or fortune betrayed.

Gratitude is proverbially short-lived. But unless we are very bad judges of human nature, Bernhard Baron's name will remain green.

It costs nothing

A Durham reader sends us a touching letter of thanks for the "willing assistance" given him by our Free Advice Bureau.

Thousands avail themselves of our help. Perhaps you have a problem which requires solving? If it is too knotty for you to tackle, let it worry our staff of experts. That is what they are here for.

Easy to fight her

Mrs. Matthews, of Havelock Street, Cardiff, is eighty-four years of age; and in the ordinary course of events she should have been receiving her old-age pension since 1915.

Although she and everybody else knew all along that her age entitled her to the pension, she has never been allowed it because legal proof of the date of her birth has not been forthcoming.

Now she has managed to produce satisfactory evidence from a marriage certificate.

But her pension is fourteen years in arrears, and Captain E. N. Bennett, M.P., is seeking to obtain for her an *ex gratia* payment.

The Treasury should pay up quickly and handsomely, particularly as no official assistance was given her to obtain the necessary evidence.

Read this and blush

Those who are proud of our civilisation are recommended to ponder the tragic fact that, according to the latest returns published by the London County Council, there are 21,000 homeless people in London.

Every night these unfortunates have to find a bed in a free shelter or a casual ward. Failing such comfort, they must spend the night wandering the streets, waiting for the parks to open, so that they may go to sleep on the grass.

Many of the homeless thousands are among the heroes for whom houses have been promised year in, year out, since they won the war.

Thumbs down

There has been a lot of talk lately about the generous help that was to be given to farmers under the new Government scheme of short-term credits.

When Mr. A. J. Norton, a Bridlington smallholder, wished to replace five of his cows which had died he applied for a loan of £30, for which he offered good security.

His security was sniffed at; and he was told, more or less politely, that there was nothing doing.

This matter has been brought to the notice of the Minister of Agriculture. But it appears that Mr. Buxton cannot do anything about it, either.

He had no knowledge of the application, he says, and, in any event, "these matters are entirely within the discretion of the banks."

And the banks always let the small man go to the wall.

Cinderella men

Whatever the ultimate outcome of the cotton dispute, the hardships of the side-piecers must receive consideration by the leaders of both sides.

At present they are ignored by the operative spinners and the master spinners alike.

A Bolton man writes to say that although he has worked at this highly skilled trade for fourteen years his full week's pay—upon which he has to support a family—amounts to but 23s.

And he has to take seventeen days' holiday each year!

Hundreds of workers travel into Bolton from the neighbouring towns each day in order to be employed as piecers at wages ranging from 16s. weekly.

Chorus of protest

The next time you see a row of chorus girls dancing, all smiles, on a London stage, make a point of finding out, if you can, how they enjoy their dressing-rooms.

Colonel Levita, L.C.C. Chairman, should visit the dressing-rooms

They will not tell you. They dare not complain of the disgraceful conditions under which they work. It would mean the sack.

In one famous London theatre fourteen girls are compelled to spend several hours each evening in a tiny dressing-room, underground and without a window.

Such conditions are not allowed to exist in any factory; but no one seems to trouble about the chorus girl.

The L.C.C. are supposed to attend to these things. But when the inspector calls, perhaps the attraction of the stage keeps him in front of the house, and what goes on behind is forgotten.

Cool cheek

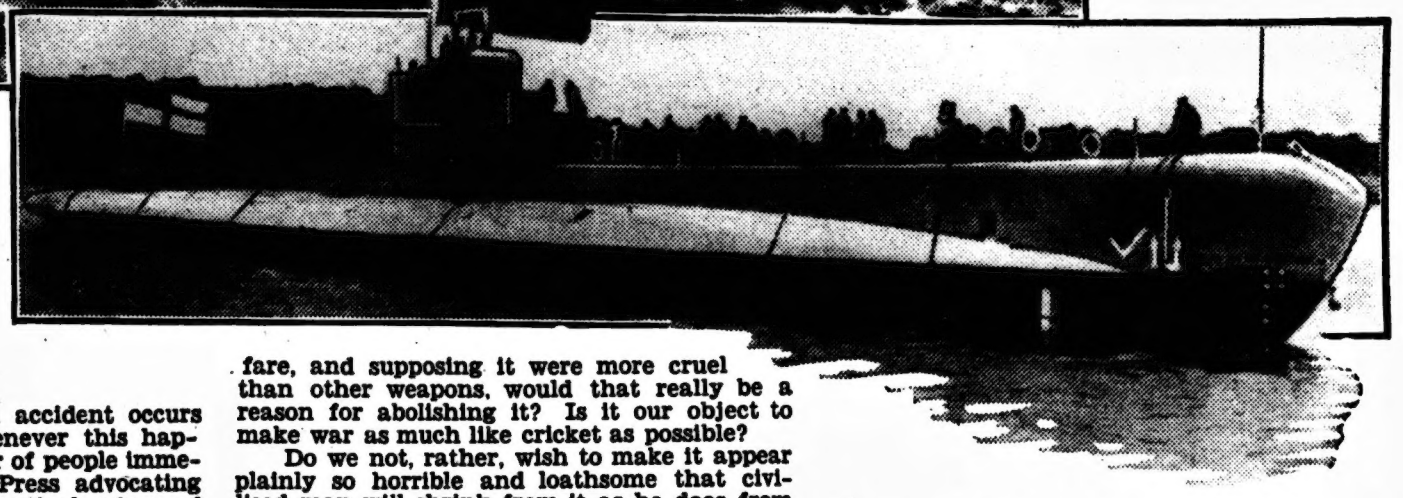
Four weeks ago we warned our readers in an article headed "A Blusher's Lying Circular" against a rascal named Geoffrey Pardoe and his associate, Rhoda Pleasants.

Under the latter's name these two were circularising "Bullets" competitors, hinting darkly that they were in a position to influence awards in favour of clients who paid them a pound.

We received a belated letter dated August 1 from Rhoda saying that she had withdrawn the offensive circular. On the same day, however, a Newcastle reader received one of them posted from her address at 1, Wycliffe Road, London, S.W.11, on the previous day.

We have sent the papers to Scotland Yard, who, we understand, have already had the matter in hand.

MURDER *in* MITTENS



The title stands out from a war picture of a liquid fire attack. To agree to abolish this while retaining more terrible weapons would be as foolish as not to have launched "Parthian," our latest submarine, which you see here

by
CAPTAIN A. DUFF COOPER, D.S.O.,
Financial Secretary to the War Office in the late Government

FROM time to time an accident occurs to a submarine. Whenever this happens a certain number of people immediately write to the Press advocating the abolition of this particular form of warfare.

On the last occasion the First Lord of the Admiralty in the present Labour Government warmly championed the cause of abolition and expressed the hope that it might be accomplished by international agreement.

The question is, therefore, one of sufficient importance to deserve the attention of sensible people; and in considering it we should be guided by sense rather than by sentiment.

I write as an advocate for the abolition of war and as one who believes that sense is the enemy of war and sentiment its best friend. In war-time sense is reduced to silent impotence, while sentiment is at its noisiest and most powerful. Sentiment causes wars and prolongs them.

Wars will continue until people realise that they are not only wicked—wickedness will always be attractive—but that they are also incredibly silly.

Let us, therefore, examine the arguments for the abolition of submarines in the light of common-sense.

The first, and probably the most powerful psychologically, of the arguments is the sentiment, widely prevalent, that there is something mean, unfair, unchivalrous in the idea of a small submarine blowing up a big battleship.

"It isn't cricket" is the way in which a sportsman might put it, not realising that by saying so he was classing war as a form of sport.

Now this is the sickliest sort of sentimentalism in which it is possible for a decent man to indulge when misled by loose thinking.

Bows are so unfair

IT is the same spirit that made the knights of old, encased in armour, mounted on cart horses, condemn as unfair fighters first the bowmen, and then the artillery which blew them to pieces with gunpowder.

Underwater is not underhand.

Although it may be pleasanter for sailors to blow each other's battleships to pieces on the surface, there is no sailor who would deny that the commanders and crews of submarines are the bravest of their profession.

There is no drowning man whose death would be rendered less pleasant by the knowledge that his ship had been sunk by a submarine, rather than by a battle-cruiser.

Therefore we may dismiss as the purest drivel the argument that submarine warfare is either less "fair" or more cruel than any other form of fighting.

But before dismissing the argument for good, let us destroy the fallacy that lies at the root of it, and which is based upon the sentimentalism from which the whole agitation derives its strength.

Supposing it were an unfair form of warfare, and supposing it were more cruel than other weapons, would that really be a reason for abolishing it? Is it our object to make war as much like cricket as possible?

Do we not, rather, wish to make it appear plainly so horrible and loathsome that civilised man will shrink from it as he does from murder, and include it among the crimes for which no pardon can exist?

The sentimental militarist says, "Make war more sporting," the scientific pacifist says "Do away with the filthy thing."

There is another argument, which appears to me so futile that had it not recently been put forward over respectable signatures in the columns of the *Times* I should not think it worthy of refutation.

"Submarines should be abolished," so it is argued, "because, unlike other weapons, they serve no practical purpose in peace time and can never be developed for the benefit of trade and industry."

Do you use battleships?

BUT of what use are battleships in peace time, except to consume some seven million pounds apiece of the taxpayers' money? Nor does the ordinary citizen in his daily avocations frequently have to avail himself of the assistance of a tank.

Another argument put forward by the First Lord of the Admiralty is that substantial economies are to be effected by the abolition of the submarine.

But can anybody seriously maintain that it is sound economy to begin your reduction of expenditure by abolishing your cheapest and deadliest weapon?

Commander Kenworthy, in a reply to a letter which I wrote to the Press on this subject, argued not long ago that a reduction in the building of battleships was bound to come soon, and that meanwhile we should do well to economise by the abolition of submarines.

It is as though in a small household living beyond their income the sensible husband were to say, "I think we had better give up the motor-car," and the sentimental wife were to reply, "No, the car will have to go in the end because we can't afford it, but if we wish to economise you had better sell your bicycle."

Such is the logic of all, and especially of ex-sailors, who argue in favour of abolishing the submarine.

Having disposed for the time being of the purely sentimental arguments, let us deal with another argument of an entirely different and extremely practical nature which the sentimentalists themselves occasionally tag on to their appeals.

Surely, they argue, Great Britain, with the largest mercantile marine in the world, has more to gain from the abolition of the submarine than has any other Power?

Undoubtedly. Nor is any other Power blind to this important aspect of the matter. When, therefore, we go into the Council Chamber of Europe and appeal for the abolition of submarines on the ground of humanity and world peace, can we be surprised if the representatives of other Powers exchange a wink, and mutter "Perfidious Albion up to her old tricks," and write us down once more as the arch-hypocrites of the universe?

If at the beginning of the Zulu war King Cetewayo had approached the British Government with the suggestion that, purely in the interests of humanity, both sides should agree to forego the use of gunpowder in the forthcoming hostilities, and should rely entirely upon the humane and manly assegai, should we have felt confident that his proposal was entirely disinterested?

Equally will no foreigner, unacquainted with the sloppy sentimental militarism that pervades the minds of some of our professed pacifists, ever believe that the nation which has most to fear from submarines has no ulterior motive in advocating their abolition.

Therefore, if ever we do solemnly put forward the suggestion, let us at least be honest and say frankly that we want to get rid of submarines because they frighten us to death.

And suppose the suggestion were accepted in the same thoughtless and foolish way in which the suggestion for the abolition of gas warfare has been accepted. What guarantee could we have that promises so lightly given in the piping times of peace would be strictly observed in the grim days of war?

It may be impossible in peace time to keep the construction of submarines secret; but it would be very easy to do so under a strict censorship in times of war. And who can doubt, remembering the mentality of a nation at war, that rumours would soon spread and be believed to the effect that the enemy were already engaged upon such construction?

Eleventh Commandment

ENEMY submarines would certainly be sighted—the sea serpent is sighted once a year—and naval victory would assuredly go to the nation which first and most efficiently broke the undertaking not to use submarines.

"Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not murder." That was the language in which the Commandments thundered from Sinai; language that a man could understand and Commandments that he has respected since he began to be civilised.

Qualify them and they lose all authority. "Thou shalt not steal, and if thou dost thou shalt not take articles beyond a certain value." "Thou shalt not murder, but if thou must, a list of the weapons to be used is included in the schedule."

There are some of us who believe it may be possible that the commandment "Thou shalt not go to war" will in time take its place among the others. But that time is postponed by those who are so anxious to qualify the commandment in order to make it fall more lightly upon the ears of men.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

JIMMY'S *Little Jaunt*

Welcome, Lord Peter Pan!—Bill Sikes Out of Date
Advice to a Red

Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL,
Paxhill, Bentley, Hants

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Heartiest congratulations that the triumph of your great Arrowe Park Jamboree has been crowned by your elevation to the peerage.

I should have liked to have seen you in the Upper House many years ago. But I hope you will make up for lost time by forming a Scout troop among the members the moment you arrive there. If you can persuade every peer to do his good turn every day—but perhaps I ask too much of even such a wizard as you are!

I hope your epic defence of Mafeking is recalled in the title you choose; because your Scouting renown has made us forget your prowess as a soldier.

But I shall always think of you as Lord Peter Pan, the peer who kept the heart and gay enthusiasms of a boy.

JOHN BULL.

Viscount BYNG OF VIMY,
Scotland Yard, London, S.W.

DEAR BYNG,—I see you have just strengthened the C.I.D. by drafting about thirty detectives from various London divisions to the "Yard."

That is probably all to the good, but I hope these new men will be given work worthy of the care you have no doubt taken in selecting them. Don't forget that the Knight of the Jemmy—the man with a bull's-eye lantern and a cloth mask is not the only big menace.

The most dangerous criminal nowadays is the fraudulent bankrupt, the crooked business man and the too-artful financier. This type of offender gets away with it too often.

I recommend him particularly to your expert attention, because he usually causes more distress and suffering by a single coup than a whole den of the other fry.

JOHN BULL.

The Right Hon. TOM SHAW,
War Office, Whitehall, S.W.

DEAR TOM,—I quite understand your disliking your official designation, for the idea of having a Secretary of State for War in peace time has always been offensive to me.

It seems to presuppose that war or the imminent possibility of war is a normal condition of civilisation, and the sooner that notion is dispelled the better.

You say that you hope the title may be changed and that you would much prefer to be called the Minister for War against War. I know of no impediment, except a brasshat or two, to prevent the alteration of your title to Minister of Defence.

JOHN BULL.

A'derman C. E. BEAUFOY,
Dover

DEAR ALDERMAN,—My thanks are due to you for having drawn attention to the scandalous conditions in which children sent from London to Dover for holidays are housed.

In a small house with only three bedrooms there were twenty-five occupants, seventeen of whom were London children. The others were a consumptive girl, a blind girl, a man and woman, and another woman with three children.

I agree with you that if this is the way London children are exploited it is time someone took drastic action.

I look to you to insist that such action is taken by your Town Council.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. F. W. DEACON,
Chairman, London Lock Hospital

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN,—Since the Minister of Health's refusal to publish the report of the Committee of Inquiry on the management of the London Lock Hospital, I have waited in vain for a statement by you calculated to dispel the grave doubts that persist in the public mind.

The only communication from you which has been published is a letter addressed to the Minister of Health. And this does no more than obscure the issue.

The Lock Hospital is maintained by the general public, and that long-suffering body has a right to know whether its money is being put to good uses or bad.

Any further attempt to evade the issue will not go down.

JOHN BULL.

M. DOVGALEVSKY,
Soviet Envoy

COMRADE DOVGALEVSKY,—There is one little thing I would like you to pass on to Moscow following your visit here.

It is a phrase we try to live up to over here. But, strangely enough, there is no equivalent for it in Russian, or in any other language.

But it is so typical of this country and its ways that a distinguished German journalist has recently used it as a title for a book on England. It is: Fair Play.

Anti-British propaganda in the Far East and elsewhere, incitement to industrial unrest, the distributing of inflammatory literature among British troops—that is not fair play. See the point?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. L. CANCELLOR,
London ex-Stipendiary Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—My best wishes to you for many happy years in retirement, though at sixty-eight you can scarcely be considered old. Beside your colleague, the aged Mr. Mead, you are but a youngster.

During the twenty-odd years you have sat as a stipendiary you have always shown yourself humane, moderate and kind-hearted. Your sentences have not been reduced on appeal, nor your verdicts quashed.

All honour to you—not forgetting your skilful handling of the famous "Hyde Park Case."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN WHALE,
Mount Street, Reading

DEAR JOHN,—You have grandly dispelled the idea some people have that a night watchman is usually an old crock only fit for minding a hole in the road.

When a little girl from Caversham fell into the Thames, you dived, fully clothed, into the river and brought her to the bank safe and sound. And all this notwithstanding the fact that you have lost an arm, and had not attempted to swim for eight years.

I hope your heroism will meet with proper recognition. Meanwhile, more power to your solitary elbow!

JOHN BULL.

The Right Hon. J. H. THOMAS M.P.,
On board s.s. "Empress of Australia"

DEAR THOMAS,—As soon as you arrive in Canada I expect you will be mighty busy, for you have a knack of "getting down to it" without wasting a moment.

If, as I suspect, you are exploring possibilities for a big scale State-aided emigration scheme to the Dominion, listen to a straight tip from me.

We have known ever so many emigration schemes, you and I, but most of them have ended in disaster for the settlers and fat profits for their promoters.

Make sure, therefore, before you launch a scheme that the emigrants, when they arrive in Canada, are absolutely and permanently protected against the vultures who live off greenhorns, exploit their labour, and defraud them of their savings.

If you don't—there's always an election round the corner.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN: "Honesty in politics as in our daily affairs is the best policy."

When honesty becomes a policy it ceases to become a principle.

* * *

REAR-ADMIRAL EVANS: "The Navy fights for pennies for the kings of commerce who gather in pounds."

In other words, wealth amassed in war-time is blood-money.

* * *

BISHOP OF SHEFFIELD: "The world to-day is a better place than it has ever been before."

But it is not yet half as good as it might be.

* * *

SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS: "When a man changes his Party at the moment when there is a prize waiting him, one is apt to be a little doubtful as to the genuineness of his motive in public life."

There is no doubt of its genuineness, it is the character of his motive that is dubious.

* * *

REV. FRANK L. JENNINGS: "The tramp's life is a very hard one."

We wish more parsons found this out by tramping as a "casual warder" for a month as you have done. It would teach them more than years of study.

The Sentence of the Court

Fifty Guinea Refreshers and—

SALOON BAR PRICES

ON the ground that his trade union would not allow him to open his mouth in court unless he received a fee, Sir Thomas Raffles Hughes, K.C., chairman of the General Council of the Bar, declined to plead when charged with aiding and abetting a lock-out.

"For the purpose of this charge," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the accused is merely a figurehead; and I do not suggest that the comical coincidence of his second name being 'Raffles' has anything to do with the tendency of some members of the Bar to emulate the cracksman of that name by robbing the litigious goose who lays their golden eggs.

"But the fact remains that the cost of litigation has increased in a scandalous manner. The latest denunciation of this evil comes from Lord Justice Scrutton, who condemned as 'preposterous' and 'outrageous' the costs—amounting to £469 5s.—associated with what his lordship described as 'a small slander action.'

"When costs are piled up in this manner it simply means that a number of citizens, whose grievances may be large but whose bank balances are small, are locked-out from our courts.

"It may be said that those who indulge in the luxury of briefing fashionable K.C.s must expect to pay through the nose.

"But the enormous fees received by these K.Cæsars have caused considerably lesser legal luminaries to adopt as their slogan, 'Fee, fi, foh, fum, I smell the blood of a litigant'—with an accent on the 'fee.'

"The result is that counsel of moderate ability, who would once have welcomed briefs marked at ten guineas, now demand a hundred guineas and more before they will don their wigs and wag their jaws."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that it was ridiculous to contrast the fees paid when Lord Justice Scrutton was at the Bar with those of to-day, for everything was now dearer. Pink tape and sealing-wax cost considerably more than in pre-war days, and a really elegant wig was now as expensive as a Paris hat.

* * *

"We have always been given to understand," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that Justice is blind. But the trouble nowadays is that it is also liable to remain dumb unless well paid to open its mouth.

"In theory the Law Courts are open to all; but, so, too, is the Ritz Hotel. It is, however, one thing to enter either place, and quite another to obtain a meal or a verdict therein.

"One matter to which the General Council should direct its attention is the preposterous rule under which a junior appearing with a K.C. receives an amount equal to two-thirds of that marked on his leader's brief.

"This is no less outrageous than would be a trade union regulation requiring that a minor artist appearing at a music-hall where, say, Sir Harry Lauder topped the bill should be paid two-thirds as much as the 'star.'

"As chairman of the Council, the prisoner cannot shirk his share of responsibility for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

"So I must direct that he takes a pledge to swear off over-indulgence in 'refreshers' at the 'Bar,' until arrangements are made to provide litigants of moderate means with something more stimulating than a financial 'bier.'"

Tyrant Guardians' HEIRESS PRISONER

THIS is Freda. Were she freed from her workhouse prison, a happy life awaits her in the meadows of her uncle's dairy farm

SINCE fifteen-year-old Freda Peters, a Devonshire heiress, was a baby of three she has been kept a close prisoner by the Plympton Board of Guardians.

After years of desperate but unsuccessful effort to remove the child from the workhouse to the care and comfort of proper home life, her relatives have just sought the help of the Ministry of Health to secure her release.

This Department, in reply, stated that the Minister, "upon the information before him," is unable to intervene.

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Minister concerned, is distinguished for humanity and justice. We believe that had he probed more deeply into this matter he would have sanctioned Freda Peters' release.

The Plympton authorities have threatened that if JOHN BULL publishes the facts of this case the child will be deprived still further of her liberty, and her relatives will no longer be allowed to visit her at the workhouse during the regulation hours. We shall see.

An orphan babe

Freda's father died before she could walk, and her mother soon after she could speak. It was war-time then, and the baby's only relatives, three brothers of her mother, were far away from Devon on military and national service.

Her uncles and Freda became joint legatees under the will of the girl's grandfather. When, after the war, the brothers were re-united in their native Devon, they began a search for the orphan child.

To their horror they found the baby in the custody of the Plympton Guardians.

Some of the present guardians appear to believe that her relations' efforts to secure possession of Freda are only of recent origin. We have evidence which cannot be challenged that they began as soon as her whereabouts was discovered, and that they have continued for ten years, only to be rebuffed at every stage.

Three firms of solicitors have vainly tried to move the guardians. So extraordinary was the Board's attitude that their letters were not even acknowledged; their representatives were refused permission to see the child when they called at the institution where she was detained.

Ever since the child reached the age of seven and became legally entitled to elect a guardian, the Plympton Board has refused to allow her to sign the necessary letters of administration.

Opinion of counsel was taken by her uncles on the legality of this decision. Although he declared it scandalous that the guardians should thus treat the child, the guardians would not part with their little prisoner.

The astounding charge has repeatedly been made that the only purpose the relatives have in seeking the care of their orphan niece is to control her estate in their own interests.

This accusation was even made to our representative by the clerk of the guardians when we instituted enquiries.

A more cruel or ridiculous slander could not be conceived.

For generations the Medlands have been a family of high standing in Devon. They are men of substance and integrity; they own considerable freehold property and prosperous business undertakings; their homes are such that any child would be fortunate to share.

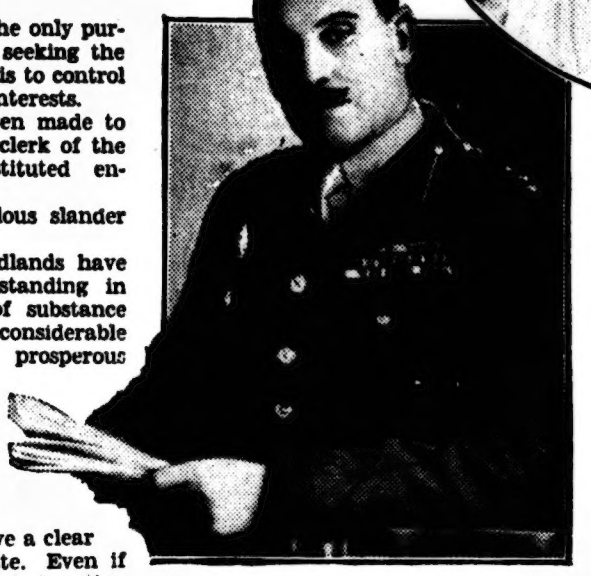
As trustees of and beneficiaries with the child under her grandfather's will, her uncles have a clear right to wind up the estate. Even if they intended to realise it, their action would only be to Freda's advantage. Yet the Plympton guardians have been led to look at them askance and have refused all their appeals.

For years one of the uncles, a dairy farmer at Plympton, has had a room in his beautiful home ready to receive his sister's child from the workhouse. It is cleaned by loving hands every day.

But Freda cannot occupy it.

Last Christmas Day a party in her honour was arranged at this home, which is only a few hundred yards from the workhouse gates. But the guardians refused to let Freda out, and the loaded Christmas-tree still stands in the drawing-room, a memorial to their heartlessness.

We sought a reason for this cold refusal, to receive the astonishing reply that Christmas festivities were arranged at the workhouse, and the child would find more enjoyment there.



Brig.-Gen. Wright, V.C., M.P. for Tavistock, should press for Freda's release

It is only on rare occasions that Freda is allowed outside the workhouse gates, and then only to gather wild flowers in the adjoining fields under the supervision of a laundress. She is not allowed to go near the houses of her uncles and aunts, her only relatives in the world.

Since Freda's position became a subject of talk in the district elaborate precautions have been taken to prevent newspaper representatives from speaking to her.

The other day, however, a representative of JOHN BULL contrived to talk with the child.

"Freda Peters," our representative writes, "is a shy but pretty and healthy-looking little girl. All spirit seems to have been crushed out of her by her long imprisonment in depressing surroundings.

"I saw her in a bare room, from the tiny window of which she pointed to the estate, a stone's-throw from the workhouse walls, which she inherited but cannot enjoy.

Her plea

"The girl snuggled up close to me. She put her fist in my hand, and, with a beseeching look, whispered, 'Can *you* take me away from here, sir?'

"A bell pealed, and Freda exclaimed, with tears welling in her eyes, 'I must go now to attend my babies.'

"She darted along a dismal corridor, and when she was out of sight I heard a moan and noticed that the patter of her feet on the stone floor had ceased.

"I stole up and found her lying on the ground, a little helpless ball of humanity, sobbing convulsively with disappointment because I could not take her from the workhouse bondage."

The babies of whom Freda spoke are three children, between eighteen months and two years of age, whom she has to help wash, dress and attend.

She has no playmates in the workhouse, her only other companions being two infirm women, aged fifty-four and eighty-six, one of whom is subject to fits. She has to fetch their food and have her meals with them and her "babies."

This fifteen-year-old girl must also associate with expectant mothers when they enter the workhouse for confinement.

A number of the guardians, we believe, are unaware of these facts. We have abundant evidence of their truth.

Lately, in order that they may feel their custody of Freda to be more secure, the guardians have taken steps to "adopt" her, and to detain her compulsorily until she is eighteen.

But there is worse than that.

We have discovered during our investigation that the guardians are now about to seek a grant of administration of her estate for themselves. They would thus have her income and property under their control for as long as they can still keep her in the workhouse.

Mystery reason

This course, the clerk states, is being taken for "health" reasons. Why were those reasons not stated a few months ago when a plan, which was scotched, was formed to set Freda at work in a laundry at Truro, where her relatives would find it more difficult to visit her?

We insist that Freda Peters be freed from the stigma of the workhouse.

The Songsters' Lament

IN these days when easy fortunes are made by song "hits," many amateurs try their hand at writing a "popular success," and certain publishers are only too ready to take advantage of their ignorance.

A number of readers have written to lament their association with the firm of Duff Stewart and Co., Ltd., of Percy Street, London, W.1.

One is a Barrow-in-Furness man, who was delighted when Duff Stewart and Co., Ltd., reported favourably upon his work as a song-writer, and suggested publication.

"We are of the opinion that if completed and published it would make a good number, having the elements appealing to the public," was the assurance given, while the same letter added that the firm would "endeavour in every way to make publication a sound financial proposition."

He was invited to send £10 towards its cost, and when this fee was reduced to £8 by the "reading committee," he felt that he was dealing with a most generous company, particularly as he was permitted to pay in two instalments.

Later he was invited to send a further £7, for which the firm would revise another work into a waltz-song.

He declined this offer, but he was assured that his first song would be published in its original form at the first favourable opportunity.

Months have passed since then, but the song has not reached the market, and repeated letters from the author have been ignored.

This is typical of many complaints we have received; and a word of warning is necessary to all eager amateur song-writers.

If a song possesses real merit any genuine publisher would be only too ready to give it a trial. But when firms invite song-writers to share the cost of publication it means that they have not sufficient faith in the number to take any risk themselves.

Typical disabled men who live at Enham Centre. They're still sore about this business

A team on the home farm, which was Enham's pride. It isn't any longer. Rough carpentry is one of the few surviving crafts there

HERO VICTIMS of Village Centre Scandal

THE disabled ex-Service men's centre at Enham, near Andover, has recently been the scene of some extraordinary incidents, and relations between the men and the management there are strained near to breaking-point.

The Enham Village Centre was opened in 1919 for the training of men with a high rate of disability from wounds. All the buildings and estate were purchased by private subscription, and it is administered by the Village Centres Council, of which Lord Plumer is President.

In the years following its foundation hundreds of men were trained in various crafts and passed on to jobs in many industries. Over a hundred men who had reached a high standard of skill became permanent settlers.

Cabinet-making, upholstery and furniture workshops turned out splendid work. Four farms were established, including a home farm of 240 acres, where cattle were raised which secured numerous prizes at famous shows.

The men were content and working busily.

Then, some two years ago, the Village Centres Council, on which the Enham men are not represented, decided on a change of management at Enham. "Pep" was needed and punch—and business organisation.

The Council at once installed a staff of new managers. These arrived, accompanied by a staff of a dozen to control the hundred settlers and other men undergoing training.

The heavy hand of bureaucracy descended on Enham.

Skilled men's plight

One by one the various industries disappeared. The farms were let, the home farm went to an outside farmer. The furniture-making industry was transferred to another place. The market-gardens were abandoned.

Two simple crafts remain—basket-making and rough carpentry. Men trained to be skilled cabinet-makers are now knocking nails into rabbit-hutches and poultry-houses.

The stream of unallayed discontent gradually rose. Then a few weeks ago, on the formation of a branch of the British Legion in the Centre, it culminated in a final outbreak.

Finally a Legion poster advertising a branch meeting was torn down from the workshop notice-board on the managers' instruction.

A branch meeting was held, attended by 75 per cent. of the Centre, and the secretary, Mr. C. H. Spicer, sent a letter to Mr. Tallyn, the manager, asking why the poster had been torn down.

Spicer was summoned to the manager's office and immediately dismissed from his job for "challenging the management's authority."

He was escorted to his room by two clerks, and was watched over while he packed. Then he was taken to the railway station and handed a ticket to his home in Wales.

At Salisbury he was intercepted by a car from the village containing two of his workmates, who asked him to return.

He did so, and was met at the village by the whole of the settlement members, who had ceased work on hearing of his dismissal.

They asked for Spicer's reinstatement. It was refused. From then on events moved speedily, and for callous tactlessness the subsequent action of the management would be hard to beat.

A lock-out was declared, and the next day, whilst a representative of the British Legion from headquarters was conducting negotiations, the management descended on the hostel and turned all the men out into the road with their beds and belongings.

At six o'clock in the evening the hostel was locked and the men were left to fend for themselves.

Some were without legs or arms, and were carried into the streets by their comrades. Others were war neurasthenics, and the homes of most of them lay in remote parts of the country. The nearest station was three miles away.

Through the hospitality of the Enham cottagers, they were taken into various homes and kept for the night and some ensuing days. Had this not been done it is impossible to tell what grave hardships might have been undergone or the disastrous consequences of this mad action.

About the subsequent events the least said the better, but ultimately the men apologised for ceasing work and were taken back. Though their own supervisors had treated them as strikers, an independent Ministry of Labour Committee at Southampton decided, after hearing the case, that they were not strikers, and issued unemployment pay during the interval that they were out of work.

In the case of four men—Spicer, Woolgar, Cotton and Moore, all officials of the Legion branch—the management were immovable, and they were finally dismissed on the grounds that they were "temperamentally unfit for village life."

Monster petition

A petition voluntarily signed by practically the entire community and addressed to the chairman of the Centres Council protesting against the injustices inflicted on them by the management met with no reply.

A visit was paid by the chairman, Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, and the men were asked to let bygones be bygones, but after he left the dismissal of the four men was confirmed.

One of them has been there ten years, and has a cottage and a family, another seven years, and another six.

Thus what was once a contented community, living close to the ideals of its founders, is now a hive of discontent and seething disquiet.

In the interests of the public, who have given vast sums of money that the rest of these men's broken lives should be serene and useful, we suggest that Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck should take immediate steps to remove the existing grievances.

PETER PULLS *the* WIRES

MEET Mr. Peter Paton—a prominent personality (in his own estimation) in racing circles, whose private hobby seems to be "knocking the bookies."

The name of Paton, apparently, is too well known for Peter to use when indulging in his "hobby." So he adopts many aliases.

As "A. G. Sampson," for example, he recently arrived in Aberdeen and put up at a small hotel.

When he became on more familiar terms with the hotel proprietor, he confided that he was employed by the Ministry of Health, and that he had been sent to Aberdeen to inspect land in connection with a large housing scheme which was being planned.

Paton further remarked that one of Newmarket's most successful trainers was closely related to him. This man often wired him inside information, and so enabled him to take money off the bookmakers at a negligible risk.

So successful had he been that he now owned a big boarding-house in Bath and had a handsome London flat.

The fact that telegrams were constantly arriving for "Mr. A. G. Sampson" seemed to confirm his story.

And one day, when he professed to have received information of an 8 to 1 "certainty," he persuaded his host to hand him £50 to invest on his behalf.

With the money in his pocket, Paton went out to the post-office in order to wire the bet to a bookmaker. But—he forgot to return.

Only a day or so before his appearance in Aberdeen he was operating at Hastings.

There he posed as a surveyor; and, passing as "Alec McNair," obtained lodgings and won the confidence of his host by precisely similar means.

It was only later, when telegraph boys began to call at the house, that he explained his profitable "hobby."

The climax came when his host decided to "come in" with him on a "good thing," and Alec McNair departed for Aberdeen with a stolen £50 to pay his travelling expenses.

We understand Paton's reluctance to use his own name. It must be well known to the police, for he can look back on a long career of crime.

During the past few months he has brought off his ingenious racing swindle more than twenty times.

On occasion he has modified his methods slightly. A typical example was when he appeared in Glasgow as the son of a big contractor superintending an important electrical installation in the locality.

"Telegrams were constantly arriving"

Inspiring confidence everywhere, he effected various loans, ostensibly to pay for the carriage of goods, or to meet his workmen's salaries "until he could cash a cheque."

Once he posed as a Board of Trade official. At another time he masqueraded as the manager of a well-known football club.

As the real manager possessed the same name and was highly respected, Paton was able to obtain many victims before his real identity was discovered.

Possessed of amazing versatility and resource, Paton has enjoyed a remarkable run, and has contrived to defraud the public of large sums of money. We hope that we here mark a turning-point in this rascal's career.

INNOCENT *but—*

Mr. Petter can obtain no redress. On the right is sturdy Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, who fought for his acquittal—but the jury disagreed

Ruined by the Law's Error

HOW hardly an honest man may suffer at the hands of the law, without being able to secure any redress, is revealed in the story of Mr. Henry James Petter, of Tollington Park, London, N.

A married man with two children, he possesses an unblemished reputation.

About two years ago he set up in business in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, as a general commission agent.

Last March he was visited by a stranger, whose card bore the inscription: "A. Waters, Commission Agent."

Mr. Waters explained that he had been "recommended" to Mr. Petter, and endeavoured—but unsuccessfully—to interest him in a new and patent clasp for ladies' handbags.

But Mr. Petter had not heard the last of Mr. Waters. Early in April he turned up again, this time bringing with him a parcel of safety-razor blades. These, he declared, were samples of a large consignment which had been secured through a friend in a shipping house who was willing to let them go at a sacrifice price.

Petter was offered 5 per cent. commission to handle the consignment; and he finally agreed to see what he could do.

* * *

Taking one packet of blades as a sample, he went to one of the best-known factors in the razor-blade business.

As the price offered was below that at which Mr. Waters had instructed him to sell, Petter told the factor that he would like to try one other house before deciding, and mentioned the name of the firm he intended to approach.

On his arrival at this second firm's offices, he found two officers from Leman Street Police Station waiting to arrest him. The first factor had telephoned to the police after he left, and this was the result!

The razor blades were part of a consignment stolen *en route* for the London docks. And so, after spending an agonising night in the cells, Petter found himself before Mr. Sharp, the Thames Police Court magistrate.

The charge of theft was immediately reduced to one of receiving stolen property, and Petter, feeling confident that he could soon clear himself, handed over Mr. Waters' card. But Mr. Waters had vanished, and the police could discover no trace of him.

Although he realised that his position was now an awkward one, Mr. Petter never dreamt that he would not quickly be acquitted of the charge against him.

But remand followed remand; the hearing of his case was put back no fewer than five times; and, as he retained a barrister on each occasion, considerable expense was added to the acute strain of the prolonged ordeal.

Finally he was committed for trial at the Old Bailey by Mr. Snell.

His savings had dwindled by this time. But, fully determined to vindicate his honour, Mr. Petter borrowed sufficient money to brief Sir Curtis Bennett, K.C.

He imagined that this Old Bailey trial marked the end of his troubles; but after a two-day hearing the jury disagreed. This meant that he must wait another trial at the June Sessions.

* * *

Worn out by worry, and chronically in debt, he came up for his second trial, unable to retain Sir Henry Curtis Bennett.

But he raised nearly £200, by a bill of sale on his home, and went into court feeling that his ordeal must surely end now. But again the jury disagreed.

"I am very sorry for you," observed Sir Henry Dickens, the Common Serjeant, who presided. "You are an unfortunate man!"

A third agonising wait; and then Mr. Petter found himself before Sir Ernest Wild, Recorder for London, at the Old Bailey.

* * *

And now, at long last, the prosecution announced that they would not put forward any evidence, so that Petter was found not guilty.

He explained brokenly that the long-drawn-out proceedings had ruined him, and asked whether he could obtain costs against the prosecutors. Sir Ernest Wild said that this would be unprecedented. But he consulted prosecuting counsel, with the result that he ordered witnesses' fees to be paid, commenting that Petter was "an innocent victim of circumstance."

But for all the torture he has endured, and for all the financial loss he has incurred Petter can claim no redress.

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

ADDRESSES *which* *Foster Fraud*

SINCE I assumed charge of the JOHN BULL Investigation Department an analysis of my daily postbag has furnished me with much interesting data.

One of the most significant revelations it has afforded is the widespread extent to which "accommodation addresses" are being exploited by unscrupulous individuals. And this week I feel prompted to draw public attention to the evil.

"Accommodation addresses" can be found by the score in all parts of London and the provinces. They are mostly established in small newspaper kiosks or tobacconists' shops.

Any stranger may gain full advantage of the facilities they offer by simply paying a 1s. registration fee. The registration is a farce, since the stranger is merely asked to enter his name and address in a book

After this he may use the address as much as he likes for the receipt of letters providing he pays 2d. and signs the register for each one received.

No questions are raised as to his motive; no references are called for; and no inquiry is made to discover if he is pursuing a legitimate business.

The fact that many of the tiny shops offering these facilities are situated in important business centres lends a false air of stability, which rogues are not slow to exploit by organising quick postal swindles.

One particularly notorious accommodation address has existed for some years at a shop in Gray's Inn Road, London. It was first brought to my notice in a somewhat dramatic fashion, which suggested that the reception of letters for questionable clients was not its worst characteristic.

* * *

A few weeks ago I received a letter from an invalid mother living in a Bedfordshire village, enquiring anxiously about this Gray's Inn Road establishment.

Her two young daughters, she explained, were supposed to be employed there. But as they seemed to be too well dressed to be earning their living solely by working behind the counter of a tiny shop, she was perturbed about their welfare.

Her intuitive fears were, I regret to say, only too well founded. Apart from being an accommodation address, which had figured in exposures in these columns, the shop served as a blind, and the premises were being used for far more sinister purposes.

When I instituted enquiries into this mother's statements, I found that the police were already keeping observation on the premises. Therefore, in order not to hamper them in any way, I refrained from giving publicity to the true facts.

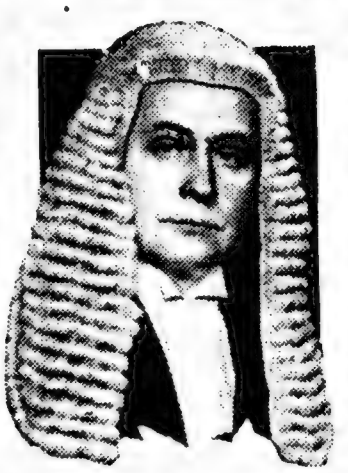
Now, I am happy to reveal, the man responsible for conducting this establishment has been brought to book.

Known as Mr. Andrew Michael, he is of German origin, his real name being Andrend Michael Reisinger. His shop, which only recently figured in a JOHN BULL article relating to a dangerous blackmail gang, has been a source of countless complaints to the police.

Apart from the undesirable features to which I have already referred, it was responsible for distributing pornographic books.

Concerning these books, Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, who recently found Reisinger guilty of keeping a disorderly house, observed: "They are the foulest I have ever seen."

Sir Ernest sent this "human parasite," as he appropriately termed Reisinger, to two years' imprisonment, expressing regret that he could not have him whipped.



Sir Ernest: "The foulest I have ever seen"

* * *

Readers will also recall a recent exposure in these columns of a man named J. W. Cassell, who ran a rapid postal swindle from an accommodation address in Hammersmith, for the purposes of which he posed as the "Associated Silk Manufacturers."

A particularly impudent use was made of an accommodation address, too, by an individual calling himself "E. Barrett," who offered book bargains through the post, and who vanished after a number of people had sent remittances.

Another case that comes to my mind is that of the Dominion Advertising Service, which used quite impressive stationery and boasted two London offices. Both offices were merely accommodation addresses, where letters were called for. But as this "Service" advertised chiefly in provincial papers, prospective dupes, from whom it attempted to extract fees on promises of employment, imagined they were dealing with an established firm.

As a matter of fact, the Dominion Advertising Service was not even registered as a business name at Somerset House.

Though accommodation addresses are mostly used by individuals conducting spurious business ventures, they also offer facilities to men who make a habit of getting into touch with young girls through matrimonial agencies.

Those who offer accommodation addresses are required by the law to keep a record of what is supposed to be the permanent address of the user, with details of all correspondence received on his behalf.

But, as I have already pointed out, no official steps are taken to ensure that a client gives a true address.

The police are empowered to inspect these registers at any time, but too often they find that an offender has entered false particulars.

* * *

It is clear that the present regulations present too many loopholes to the unscrupulous, and legislation is urgently needed to combat abuses of the facilities afforded by accommodation addresses.

I would urge Parliament to give consideration to this problem when it reassembles.

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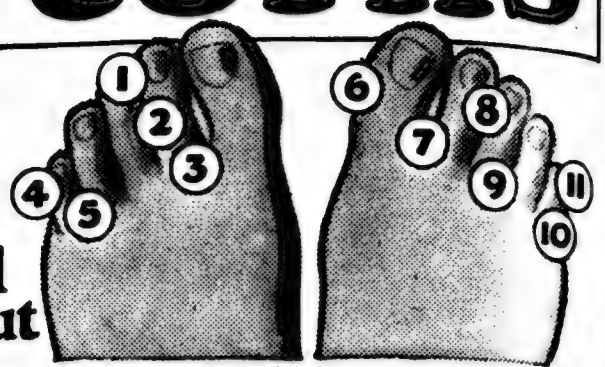
11 corns



picked clean out

"Now it is like wa.king on air"

Does your work keep you on your feet all day? Here's the way to keep tired feet buoyant and to free them from corns. Do as this lady did; put your feet daily into 20-minute Radox Footbaths. After only three footbaths, she was able to pick out eleven corns, root and all. Read her letter:—

"I am writing to inform you what good your Radox Bath Salts have done for me. I do a lot of housework, and am on my feet all day. I had three corns on one toe, two on another toe on one foot, and six altogether on the other foot. One day I saw Radox Bath Salts advertised. I bought a packet and used it as directed to bathe my feet. Altogether I gave my feet three soakings in them, and now I have only the holes in my toes where the corns came out, and when I walk now it is like walking on air."
10th July, 1929 *L. D., Loughton.*

Try a packet of Radox to-day and get the same quick relief. When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Bring quick relief to aching feet.

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"Not too sweet, and not 'sickly.'"

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WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG?

Eminent Scientists make Greatest Beauty Discovery in 100 Years.

WOMEN OF 50 MAY NOW LOOK 30

It has now been proved that it is not age but under-nourishment of the skin that causes wrinkles, faded complexions, shrunken cheeks, and makes a woman look old. Eminent physicians and scientists say your skin can eat—through its millions of pores. It can absorb certain specially prepared foods, and the blood in the skin capillaries can digest and transform these foods into living cells and tissues. Thus an aged, faded skin may quickly rejuvenate itself and regain its lost beauty and freshness—wrinkles disappear and shrunken cheeks and sagging facial muscles become fresh, firm and rosy. A woman of 50 may easily look 30 and obtain a skin and complexion that will be the admiration and envy of many a young girl. The best daily skin menu is predigested dairy cream and olive oil. This may now be obtained in Crème Tokalon, the best and most nourishing skin food known. It will refresh and revive your skin almost beyond belief even in one night. It is guaranteed to bring back the expression of youth to your face and give you a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or your money will be refunded. Tokalon White Skinfood (Vanishing) 1/-; Rose colour Skinfood (for night use) 1/3.

Free Trial.—De-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in various shades and Crème Tokalon Skin Foods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.). Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 570B), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Asleep in COTTON NIGHTCAPS

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. Maynard Keynes "preached salvation . . ."

Mill girls lining up to "sign on" at an employment exchange when the lock-out started

Sir Horace Wilson, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, tried to prevent the stoppage. He couldn't

THE dispute that has thrown half a million operatives on the streets in Lancashire is the greatest disaster that has befallen the industry of this country since the conflict in the coal trade in 1926. And the irony of the dispute is, that whatever its result, it will not cure the discord that afflicts Lancashire.

I do not mean by this that the question of wages has no bearing on the disease, or that the employers have no cause for the action they have taken in precipitating the struggle.

They have had during the past eight years the most appalling experience in the history of any trade. Multitudes of them have been ruined; and Lancashire is strewn with the wreckage of a great industry.

If a cut in wages could alone put that industry on its feet, it would be folly from the operatives' point of view as well as from that of the employers to refuse to consider it.

But I have found no instructed opinion, even among such employers as I have met, which holds the view that low wages are the key to the problem of the cotton trade.

WAGES are too unimportant a part in the costs of the industry to decide its fate.

I am assured on excellent authority that a wages cut of 20 per cent. would only affect the selling price to an extent of 2 per cent., and that is not enough to turn the scale.

This does not dispose of the employers' case. They insist that the standard of wages is one cause of the calamity that has overtaken the industry, and that without a cut the lost markets cannot be recovered.

But, making the fullest allowance from this point, it remains true that it is in other directions than lower wages that the remedy of Lancashire's disease must be sought.

The future of Lancashire is the toughest industrial problem this country has to face.

It is a tougher problem than that of the coal trade; for the coal trade will come right with time.

The greatness of our coal trade rested and will continue to rest on the fact that we have the best coal seams in the world. But the cotton trade is a creation without parallel in industrial records.

A COMMUNITY of five million people has grown up in Lancashire around a single trade whose raw material comes mainly from four thousand miles to the West, and whose finished goods have had their greatest market ten thousand miles to the East.

Literally, from China to Peru, Lancashire held the world in fee. She had competition, but it was a case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere."

The miracle culminated in 1913 when Lancashire exported the incredible total of 7,000 million yards of cloth, of which 3,000 million yards went to India alone.

It was inevitable that sooner or later this dominion would be seriously challenged. No one who has lived in Lancashire, as I have done, and who has seen the export of the looms and spindles to foreign lands developing year by year, could doubt that.

But the war brought the challenge suddenly and catastrophically.

It cut off Lancashire's trade with China, India, South America, the Continent and elsewhere for four or five years. But it concealed the meaning of these terrific facts from the Lancashire manufacturers by providing them with an even richer harvest in connection with the provision of war supplies.

They made money hand over fist and laughed at the notion that they could not whistle back the trade that had flown, when the war was over.

And, when the war was over and they started to whistle, they prepared for the tide of orders by a debauch of financial exploitation.

Mills and weaving sheds were sold at the most extravagant figures, and "floated" on the public at still more extravagant prices.

No sooner had the innocent investor plunged into this reckless adventure than the bubble burst.

THE foreign markets were not to be recaptured. Something momentous had been going on during those five years when Lancashire was out of action. The people in the countries outside the war zone had not gone naked. They had been learning to supply their own needs. A new world situation was revealed calling for drastic change of policy. But the Lancashire manufacturers with all their fine qualities are obstinate and self-complacent. They had enjoyed such uninterrupted dominion that they could not believe that all would not come right.

They had nothing to learn. And though Mr. Maynard Keynes preached that their only salvation was a root-and-branch reconstruction of the industry, they stuck to their old individualistic doctrine and floundered on from one disaster to another.

Two-thirds of the trade—all that part of it engaged in the manufacture of American cotton—came to grief.

Only the intervention of the banks has kept many of the businesses in action.

That is the situation upon which the tragedy of to-day is imposed to make confusion worse confounded and disaster more dire. No good can come of it, for the quarrel does not go to the heart of the trouble.

I do not say that wages ought not to be revised. Of course they ought; but the revision of wages is only a side-show of the great issue.

Some of the great manufacturers—Tootal's, for example—have refused to take part in the struggle. It is true that being in the Egyptian trade, which is the only flourishing part of the industry, they do not feel the pinch in the same way. But it is beyond controversy that wage reductions will not save the cotton trade.

IT may be, as I have said, that the old supremacy is irrecoverable, but that does not mean that the industry cannot be handsomely salvaged.

The banks have pointed the way to the rescue. It is only by co-operative effort, by mobilising all the departments of the trade under a Control Board, which will stop the underselling and rationalise all the processes of the industry that Lancashire can be set on its feet again.

What is wanted is not a surgical operation; but wise statesmanship in the face of an unparalleled emergency.

COUNTRY SCHOOLS *for* ALL

by the EARL OF MEATH

DR. NORWOOD, the Head Master of Harrow, has written a bold article in JOHN BULL called "Every School a Public School."

He asks his readers, "What does 'Every School a Public School' mean?" and then answers his own question by replying, "It means that every boy and girl will stay at school until they are sixteen, and that there will be some sort of control over all until they are eighteen.

"Does that mean that they must all be boarded out in great schools in some desirable countryside? Not in the least. You can get a public school education as well in a day school as in a boarding school; as well in a city as in the country."

So far I agree. But years ago I publicly pointed out that there was no reason why the genuine English public boarding school should not be established in the heart of the country for those who could not afford to send their children to Eton or Westminster, Harrow or Rugby.

"But," it may be asked, "where is the money to come from in order to pay for the cost of maintenance of these boarding schools in the country?"

There are many exceedingly valuable building sites situated in the heart of London belonging to the Education Authorities of the Metropolis. Could not some of these be sold?

Is it beyond the power of the great economic brains to be found in the City of London to arrange some financial scheme by which it should be made possible for a poor man with clever children, residing in the Metropolis, to board them out in some ancient country house surrounded by a valueless, but delightful, park?

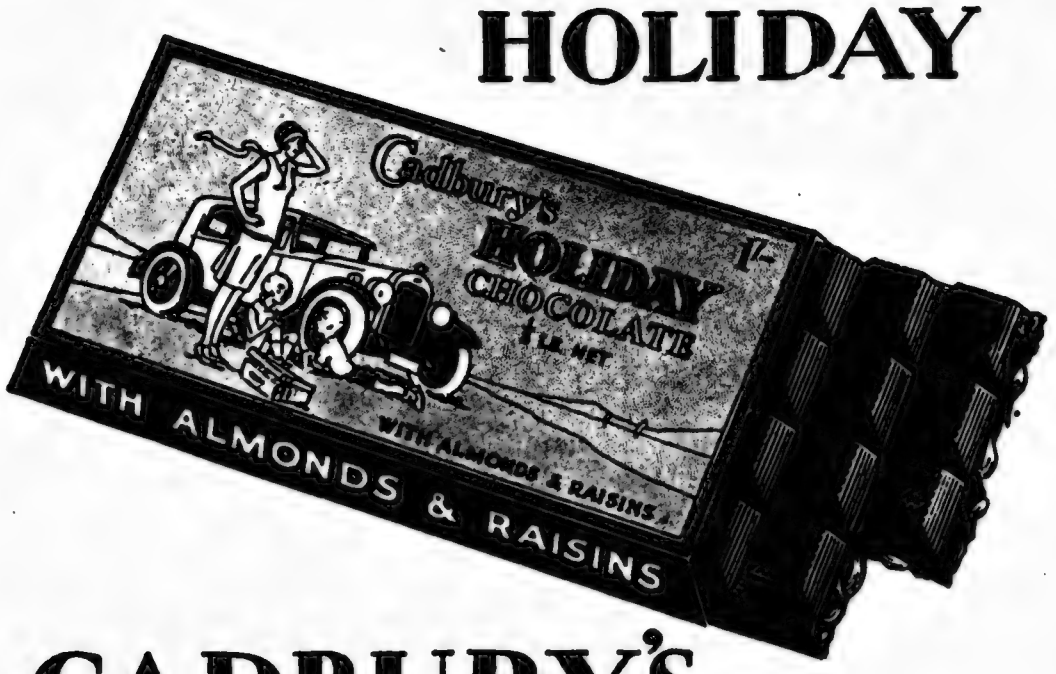
All the parents whose children attend a London elementary school would not wish to part with their children.

Let some schools be closed and some retained. Let those parents who prefer to keep their children in London send them to the nearest metropolitan remaining elementary schools, and let the other schools be closed and sold.

Would not the money obtained by the closing and sale of valuable metropolitan elementary school sites provide a large proportion of the money needed to found and run the new national public schools of Britain?

Such a scheme would appeal to thousands of grown men who love their old schools and desire to extend their advantages to those who otherwise would be unable to enjoy the advantages they had in their youth.

Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY



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with almonds & raisins

1/- half-pound and in 6d. blocks

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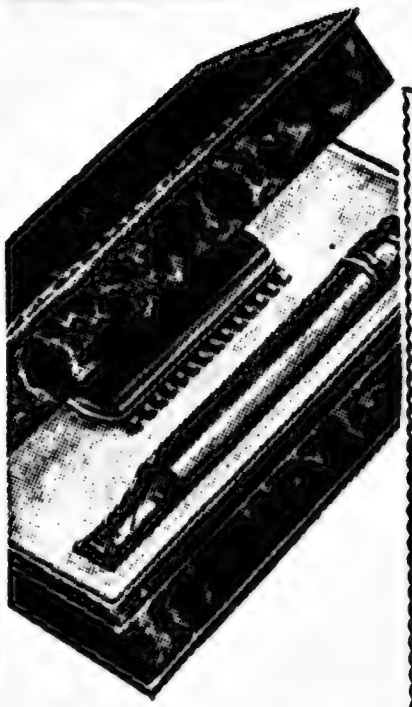

Gift Voucher

To "John Bull" Summer Annual Gift Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I send herewith Gift Voucher to which I have affixed the head of John Bull cut from page 54 of the "John Bull" Summer Annual. I certify that I am a registered reader of "John Bull" and that I have handed on this week's copy of "John Bull" to a friend who is not already a reader. In accordance with your offer, please send me free the "Gillette" Mayfair de Luxe Presentation Razor Set. I enclose P.O. for sixpence to cover postage, packing and insurance on my Gift.

Cut out the head of "John Bull" from page 54 of the "John Bull" Summer Annual and affix it to this space.

NAME .....

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When sending in this Gift Voucher be sure to enclose 6d. to cover cost of postage, packing and insurance. Send postal order—not stamps—and make payable to "John Bull" and cross /& Co./. No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set. Mark envelope "Gift Department." PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Here is a Wonderful Offer to every Registered Reader of "John Bull."

GO to your newsagent and place sixpence on the counter for your "John Bull" Summer Annual, and in return you will receive 68 pages of grand holiday reading.

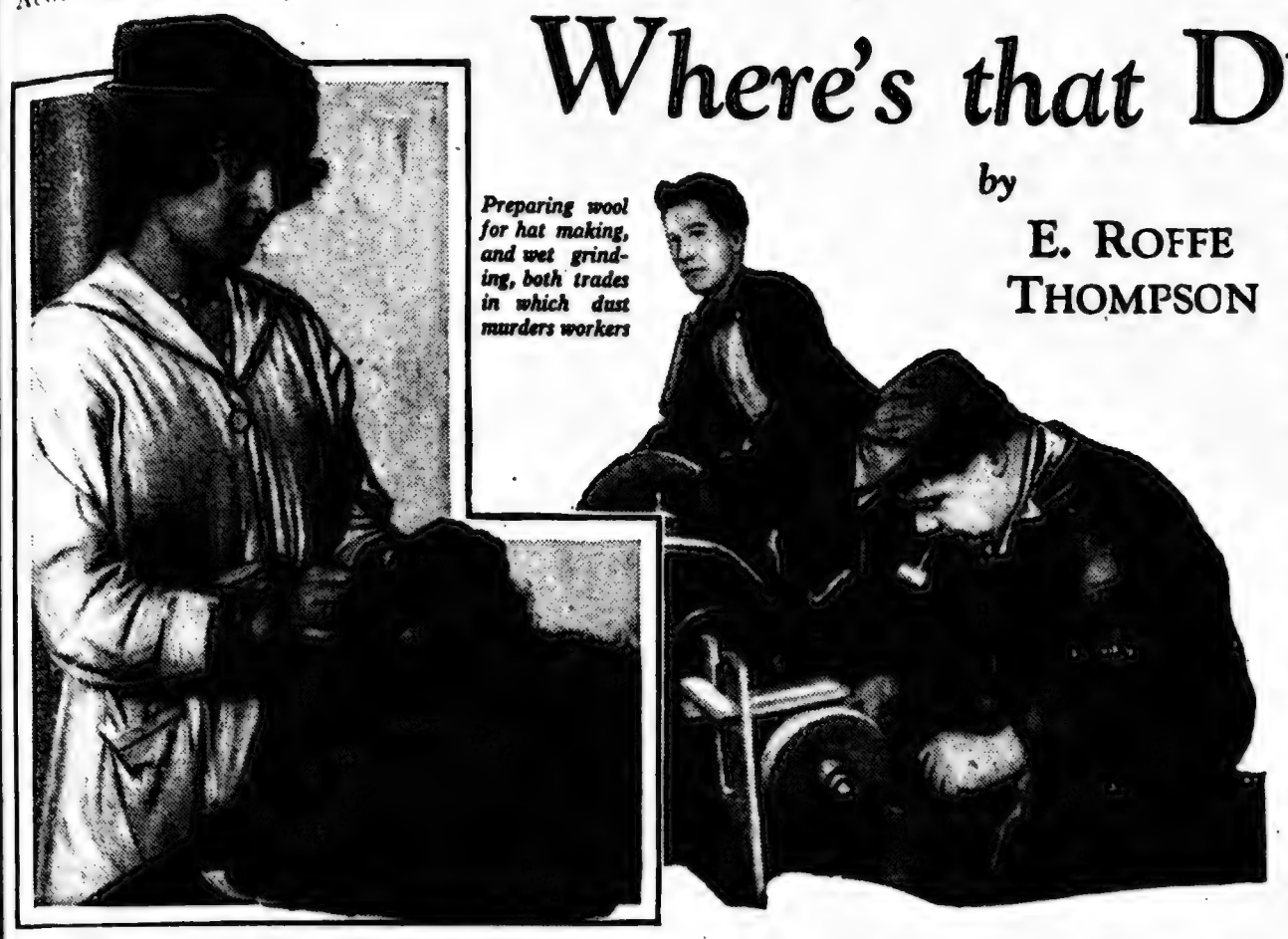
To every purchaser of the "John Bull" Summer Annual who fills in the voucher on the left as directed, we will present a superb Gold-plated "Gillette" Razor Set in a presentation case, complete with blade, absolutely FREE. This magnificent gift will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of the Gift Voucher on the left. There is no waiting.

All that we ask purchasers of the "John Bull" Summer Annual to do in return for this gift to hand this week's copy of "John Bull" on to a friend who is not already a reader. Your next door neighbour—your friend at the seaside—it doesn't matter who it is. Show them the bigger and better "John Bull"—tell them all about the great improvements that have recently been made—of our splendid Free Insurance Gift—and do your best to get them to take "John Bull" regularly. That is all we ask. We are sure that "John Bull" itself will do the rest.

Now for your Gift! Fill in the Gift Voucher on the left as directed and your Gillette Razor will be posted to you without delay. Remember this offer is limited to Registered Readers only.

Where's that DUSTER?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



Preparing wool for hat making, and wet grinding, both trades in which dust murders workers

DURING the past twenty-five years there have been thirty-six Special Reports, twenty-five Ordinary Reports, nine Conferences with employers and employed, seventeen Welfare and Safety Reports, two International Conventions, and innumerable departmental memoranda and research, each and all concerned with what should be done for the safety and welfare of factory workers.

It might be thought that, in view of all this, work in factory, mine and workshop could at least be regarded as less dangerous than the risks of the trenches in time of war. It is doubtful which is sometimes the greater risk.

Every year, despite all this multitude of efforts after safety, we lose thousands of our expert craftsmen, not by accident, but by industrial diseases.

The Industrial Fatigue Research Board stated a year or two ago: "Loss of time due to sickness, most of it preventable, cost the country in one year not less than ten times more than that which it lost owing to strikes and labour disputes."

Behind that sentence lies an appalling waste of human assets and human capital.

The repeated failure of the last Government to honour its pledge to introduce a new Factory and Workshop Bill is now an old story. We are waiting for the new Government to remedy that omission.

Ancient Act

In point of fact there has been no General Factories Bill for the last quarter of a century. And since industry in this period has grown to an extent that was not contemplated and could not possibly have been foreseen when the last Act was passed in 1901, it is urgent that the whole question of industrial accident and disease should be reviewed without loss of time.

It is a perfect farce that we have only one inspector for every 1,383 factories. This is a state of things that is not so much inadequate as entirely preposterous. It is just as preposterous as a twenty-five year old Act attempting to legislate for the machinery and processes of this year.

There is no question that enlightened employers have not waited for Home Office regulations to get rid of dirt and dust, which are the prime enemies of the workers. There are a number of employers who always have been, and always will be, well in front of legislation—but they are in a minority.

All over the country there are factories and mills and workshops which are literally dens of death to those who are unfortunate enough to have to earn their living in them.

Just now the cotton trade is well in the limelight. That and the wool trade are two of the worst offenders.

Quite recently the Chief Medical Inspector of Factories visited the card rooms of eleven cotton mills, and took away fifty-one samples of shops' atmosphere from Oldham, Bolton and Rochdale.

Analysis revealed that there were 500 particles of dust in every cubic centimetre of air; dust consisting of emery particles, fine cotton hairs and cotton spores, all of them being breathed into the workers' lungs hour after hour, day after day, and week after week.

It is no wonder that in the cotton trade thousands of employees contract chronic bronchitis.

In the wool trade at least fifty persons every year contract that deadliest of diseases, anthrax.

In every trade and occupation where dirt and dust abound the death rate from tuberculosis is alarmingly high. The fact that this disease usually takes a long time to develop in no way alters its seriousness.

Five out of every eight deaths, for instance, among workers in the pottery industry are due to lung trouble. Among textile operatives the death rate is no less than one in three from the same cause.

The present Factory and Workshop Act quite definitely states that "Factories must be ventilated in such a manner as to render harmless, so far as is practicable, all the gases, vapours, dust or other impurities that may be injurious to health."

That is what the Factory Act says. What the employers do is quite another question.

Far too many of them merely fix the regulation to the wall in some dark and obscure corner and forget all about it; and day in, day out, their unfortunate workpeople must inhale large quantities of deadly dust.

How serious the whole question of industrial disease is can be seen by the fact that an unquestioned authority recently stated that "the direct material loss in England from ill-health of the working-classes, enforcing absence from occupation, was, in 1923, over one hundred million pounds sterling."

Each year the failure to eradicate dirt, dust and poison gas from our factories leads to a loss of wealth that is colossal.

Tuberculosis is only one of many diseases to which the worker is subject. There are all sorts of eye diseases, all manner of skin diseases, endless varieties of poisoning, and innumerable cases of illness induced by sheer lack of fresh air and natural daylight.

As in so many other departments of national life, it is not that we cannot put these things right. It is that we will not take the trouble to do so. In certain cases we have taken the trouble, where the results of neglect were too appalling to be suffered.

Lead poison killed

Thus, in 1900, 1,058 cases of industrial lead poisoning were reported to the Home Office. In three short years the numbers were reduced to 337. Clearly we can do it if we will.

The remedy is one that will solve not only the question of industrial disease, but to a large extent the question of our industrial prosperity.

Factories and workshops that are nothing but death traps are obsolete and old-fashioned. Their antique machinery needs scrapping; their whole design needs bringing up to date; they cry out for the introduction of better manufacturing processes.

Many woodwork firms, for instance, are using dust exhaust appliances which keep the atmosphere comparatively pure. They not only collect the dust, but when collected they use it as fuel instead of gas or oil.

There are certain big firms, notably Lever Brothers at Port Sunlight, and Messrs. Rowntrees and Cadburys, that have spared no pains and no expense to make their operatives' working days healthy and danger-free. Carreras' new tobacco factory in London is a model of what every employer could do if he would.

Dust and dirt and poison gas must go out of industry, for what one employer can do all can do. Those who will not must be made.

Solid to tackle

Here is something really solid for the new Government to tackle. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health, should lose no time in getting into earnest conference with Mr. Clynes at the Home Office.

Together they should see that a new Factory Bill shall not only be introduced the moment Parliament reassembles, but that it shall be a really effective instrument for saving the thousands of lives and millions of pounds which at present are wilfully thrown away.

The Human Machine

Let it Rain!

IN the next few weeks thousands and thousands of people are going to be on holiday. Whether it is a week-end, a week or a month, make sure that it is a holiday.

When you go away—go away. Don't take your home, your business or your worries with you.

Your mind needs a holiday quite as much as your body; if your mind doesn't get it, your body won't benefit.

So many people fail to look on holidays in the right spirit. The very things that make a holiday into a change develop almost at once into vexations and irritations. And what sort of a holiday is that?

For years these little articles have preached the gospel of hard work. They have stressed the importance of standing up to life, fighting its obstacles and overcoming its difficulties.

Holidays make the one great exception. They are the one time when none of these things should be given a thought.

The essence of a holiday should be complete relaxation for both body and mind.

It is the time when it is best to run away from irritations; when things that annoy should be avoided; when laziness should be counted a virtue and dawdling a prized achievement!

Yet to make a holiday a real success there is something that must be done before you start. You must set out in a real spirit of adventure, ready for anything, game for everything.

A holiday should be different. The true spirit of holiday-making is that of the old pioneers who allowed nothing to upset them, took things as they came and made the best of whatever turned up.

Unless you are prepared to tackle your holiday in this adventurous, care-free mood, you had far better stay at home.

FORCE OF HABIT—The Hustler:
"Packet of Player's, Please!"

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES **10** *for* **6d.** **20** *for* **11½d.** *Also* **5** *for* **3d.**

N.C.C. 629

FUNNY WAY TO TREAT RHEUMATICS

Never heard about celery for Rheumatism? Ask your doctor. Each Fuller's Celery Perle (small and easy to take) contains the medicinal powers of 2½ lbs. of fresh golden celery. 2/- or 5/- from Boots or any Chemist or direct by post on £100 money-back guarantee from Prof. Fuller, 1, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3.

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Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 5/9. Heavy grade 6/- Every roll guaranteed. Use under line on concrete prevents rot.

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Cuticura PREPARATIONS

THE Soap, pure and fragrant, to cleanse the skin; the Ointment, antiseptic and healing, to remove pimples, rashes and irritations; and finally the Talcum, smooth and pure, to impart a pleasing fragrance to the skin.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold everywhere.

For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

LIVER TROUBLE QUICKLY REMEDIED

Depressed feeling, coated tongue, bad breath, headache—a liver attack. Do not suffer. One or two Carter's Little Liver Pills will put you right. They act gently, cause no pain. Of all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- packages.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

(Not satisfied by our sacrifices, the debtor nations are trying to wring more money from our pockets)

Already Contributed

Without Fear or Favour: by the Editor

They Shall NOT Bilk

THE international conference is now sitting at The Hague to consider the latest—and we hope the last—plan for settling the interminable question of reparations.

Years ago we were alone in pointing out the fallacy of the whole idea of reparations. We prophesied then that the world was merely entering blindly into an economic morass from which it would want one day to escape.

From that day to this war debts and reparations have hung over Europe like a dark cloud. They have pressed with particular blackness over this country.

We borrowed, in round figures, one thousand million pounds from America to supply our Allies with food and munitions. We are paying back £34,000,000 a year to America; but we are receiving from the Allies on whose behalf we incurred the debt sums that can only be described as contemptible.

We have, for instance, already paid America £246,600,000; we have only received £33,700,000 from our own debtors.

We have never been among those who have advocated any sort of repudiation of our debt to America. Mr. Baldwin made a shockingly bad bargain that surprised even the United States; but having made it, we have got to stick to it.

There is a steadily growing opinion in America that sooner or later the terms of this extraordinary settlement will have to be revised. Our opinion is that once Europe shows a real disposition towards disarmament, that opinion will become overwhelmingly effective—but not until.

Meanwhile, we are engaged in considering yet another demand for this country to make sacrifices on top of all those we have already made. The Young Plan proposes that our already inadequate receipts should be still further reduced by £2,500,000 a year.

WHETHER Germany is really paying all she can afford is not the point. She is certainly paying amounts that stagger the imagination; to press her unduly would only be to send Europe back to economic and financial chaos.

Take, for instance, Italy. She owed us £560,000,000. We reduced the debt to £78,000,000. It is now proposed to reduce it to £48,000,000!

No wonder Mr. Snowden recently called our past attitude "magnanimous, generous and quixotic."

He has gone to The Hague to try to save what he can from the wreck. It is something that his last words on the subject were: "There will be no further sacrifice of British interests which a determined man can prevent."

That is an attitude which may bring a breath of reality into a conference which the French Government experts hope will be prevented from discussing the question at any length because of the high cost of living in Holland!

Our debtors must be made to realise that we have indeed reached the limit of quixotic magnanimity. We can't—and we won't—make more sacrifices.

We are already saddled with an annual burden of £60,000,000 a year even if we can get our payments to America covered by our share of the German annuities and the receipts from our debtors.

Surely in all conscience that is enough!

* * *

NOW that the drought has ended, what is the Government going to do?

Is it going to sit down and wait for the next, or is it going to put in hand measures that will ensure adequate water supplies, drought or no drought?

Tame the Rain

It is a scandal that a fortnight's fine weather is enough to send scores of districts into a panic about their water; it is utterly preposterous that a month's sunshine is enough to close mills and factories and bring the whole country to the verge of actual danger.

It is no less a scandal that the same amount of rain promptly waterlogs hundreds of thousands of acres of good land and renders them useless. Yet for years the necessity for adequate drainage has been staring us in the face.

We cannot yet control the weather, but we can surely control its effects by using just a little ordinary foresight and common-sense.

What we need is a National Water Conservancy Board that will survey the whole question and establish such adequate supplies and adequate reservoirs as will enable us to enjoy a summer—when we get one—without anxiety and free from the shadow of epidemic.

Such a work is not a luxury. It is a prime national necessity, and should be undertaken at once.

THE Board of Trade enquiry into the loss of the *Vestris* continued for forty days. Mr. Butler C. Aspinall, who conducted it, occupied several hours in delivering a judgment which went to the roots of the whole disastrous story.

Death-trap Ships

He has established that the *Vestris* sailed from New York overloaded, and in an unsafe condition to proceed to sea. There were 362 persons on board when she cleared from port; 126 of these died when she sank. Nearly all of them were passengers. Most of the crew were saved.

The enquiry revealed that the *Vestris* and her sister ship *Vaubon*, both owned by Messrs. Lamport and Holt, had sometimes sailed overloaded. On her last fatal voyage, the *Vestris* carried an extra 400 tons of cargo, dumped in at the last moment. Here was the cause of her loss.

This overloading was not discoverable from the ship's logs, because an evil tradition forced the officers to falsify log entries concerning their vessels' draughts.

The Board of Trade has administered a mild and courteous reprimand to Lamport and Holt, regarding certain regulations issued to the Masters of their vessels. The company's New York agents, however, Sanderson and Company, have been found responsible for the overloading which caused the disaster.

Mr. Cook, their Vice-President, has been ordered to pay £500 towards the cost of the London enquiry.

SHOCKED by this disaster, America is already formulating load-line regulations, which will prevent ships sailing from that country overloaded.

This decision will also remove an unfair advantage which American shipping has enjoyed over British. American ships, in the past, could overload as their owners chose. British ships sailing from American ports were forced to do likewise, or to lose a portion of available reserve.

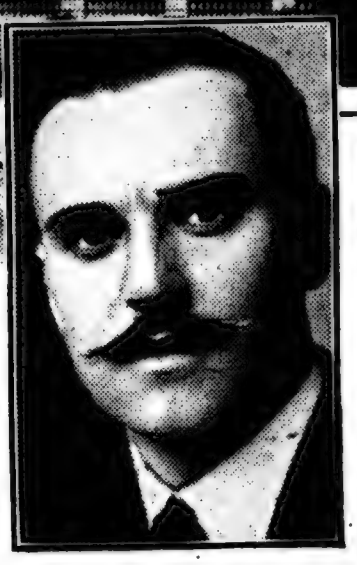
This is excellent. But it is not enough.

The Board of Trade must so frame its regulations that it is impossible for a vessel flying the red ensign to sail from any port, no matter how remote, overloaded and likely to founder in stormy seas.

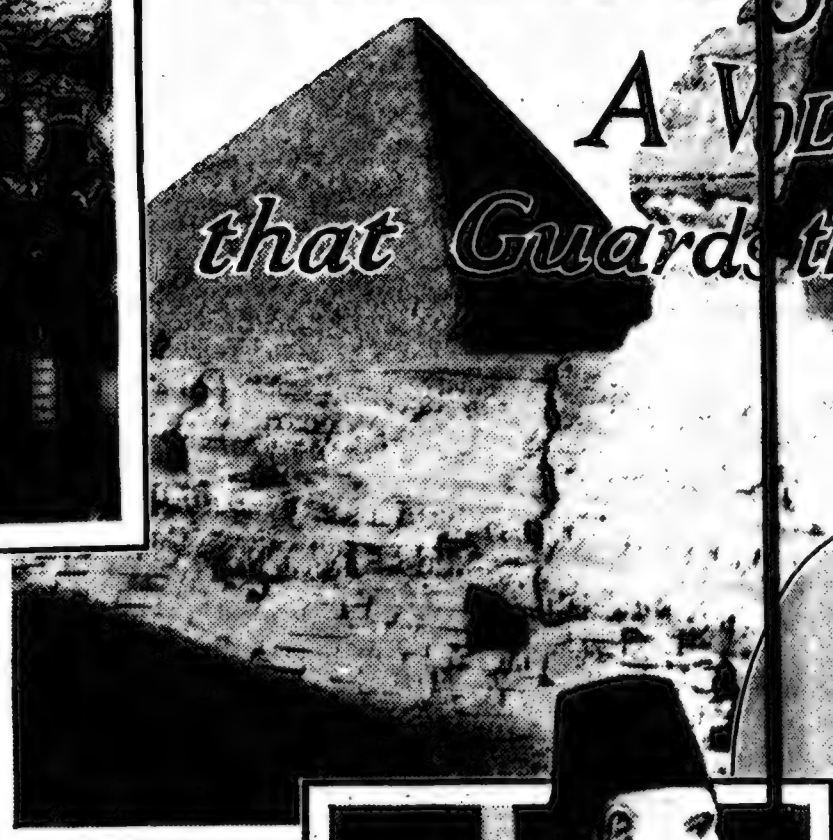
The Sph... without a S...

A Vo... that Guards t...

The fine British Residency at Cairo; until lately Lord Lloyd's headquarters



Lord Lloyd: "Was sincerely serving . . . in the manner he considered most effective"



"The eternally watchful Sphinx"

THE resignation of Lord Lloyd has once again centred the attention of the world upon Egypt. And it has revealed a divergence in British policy regarding that country.

Egypt sits at the gateway of Empire. She is a vital link in the network of British commerce and communication. She holds the key to imperial unity. Just now she is a volcano of political passions.

The series of disturbances in Egypt since the war and the first deportation of Zaglul Pasha to Malta in 1919 has intensified the difficulties of the situation.

It was owing to a divergence in the solution of the Egyptian problem that disagreement arose between our late High Commissioner, Lord Lloyd, and the Foreign Office under Sir Austen Chamberlain.

This divergence made Lord Lloyd's resignation inevitable.

Carrying on

In accepting the resignation, Mr. Henderson, Labour's Foreign Secretary, has merely carried on the Chamberlain policy.

And in the meantime Egypt's constitution is suspended. She is ruled by royal fiat. She seethes with suppressed turmoil.

There are British soldiers upon the streets of Cairo and in other parts of Egypt.

They are not there as conquering mercenaries, but as sentinels at the portals of Empire.

There are headquarters and aerodromes in Egypt of the British Air Force. Why? Not to subdue the Egyptian people, but to guard our own.

The polyglot merchants of the Egyptian cities are by no means all friends of Britain. There are those who would like to see our control of the Suez Canal broken, and India brought from under our tutelage to fall prey to another Power.

On the other hand, there are undoubtedly legitimate grievances of the Egyptian people which deserve attention and removal.

What is this Egypt, this land upon which the eyes of the world are focused?

It is a land where the stars hang low, and a great moon bathes with a lambent glamour the eternally watchful Sphinx.

It is a country nearly four times the size of Great Britain. Most of it, except for the Nile basin, is desert—miles and miles of staring brown, with here and there a fruitful oasis. There are railways across these leagues; and sturdy little Fords have been found to face up gallantly against the difficulties of desert journeys.

But still the long files of nervous, plodding camels traverse the wastes; and tall Bedouins stroll along the modernised streets of some Egyptian cities. It is a land of contrasts.

The Valley and Delta of the Nile are the sources of Egypt's wealth. Here millions of industrious peasants—*fellaheen* is their name in Arabic—cultivate their lands, producing maize, other foodstuffs, and cotton.

Cotton is the key to Egypt's commercial importance. In the densely populated areas of cultivation, where 1,044 persons live to the square mile, compared with 649 in England and Wales, cotton rules as supreme as in Manchester.

Not only does cotton employ tens of thousands of producers, whose crops are bought up by the great cotton companies, such as Ralli's, Tata's and others, but also there are the related activities: cotton-ginning concerns, railways, merchants and shippers.

Food imported

In fact, so widespread has cotton-growing become that it is ousting the growing of food. In 1908, for the first time except during famines, Egypt began to import food.

Populous cities serve the teeming agrarian areas—Cairo, The Fayyum, Alexandria whence cotton bales are shipped in millions.

In all these towns there is the bazaar of romance. The narrow winding ways, along which pass camels, horses and burdened asses. Still the old cries of the market-place are heard, as in the days when Joseph came as a slave, sold by his brothers into Potiphar's house.

But, also, the high telegraph-poles rise above the squat stalls of the market. The streets are threaded with the wires which carry the messages of commerce. There are streets of office buildings, factories and hotels which would not shame the most audacious town-planners of any city of the West.

A proud people

On the land and in these cities live the people of Egypt. There are fourteen millions of them. A strong, handsome people, of quick intelligence.

In appearance, the men are tall, for the most part, and fairly stalwart. They are light-skinned: lighter than East Indians. Many of them could be taken for Italians or Spaniards. Not that they want to be, for they are a proud people. "We are the descendants of the Pharaohs," they will tell you, with a curious touch of regal poise in their bearing.

Nine-tenths of them are Mohammedans. It is the Moslems who have given to Egypt one of her glories: the exquisite architecture of her mosques, which rise, white, serene against the sky, and from whose towers the muezzin's wailing call to prayer never fails to impress the European visitor.

Christians form eight per cent. of the population; the remaining few are Jews and members of other faiths.

King Fuad: "Suspended the constitution by royal decree"

These Christians are an ancient community; their largest sect, the Copts, are the descendants of ancient Egyptians who accepted Christianity in the first century of the Christian era.

There is no conflict between Egyptian Mohammedans and Christians. Together, they hold responsible positions in administration, education and commerce. They are both pure Egyptian; there is no racial distinction.

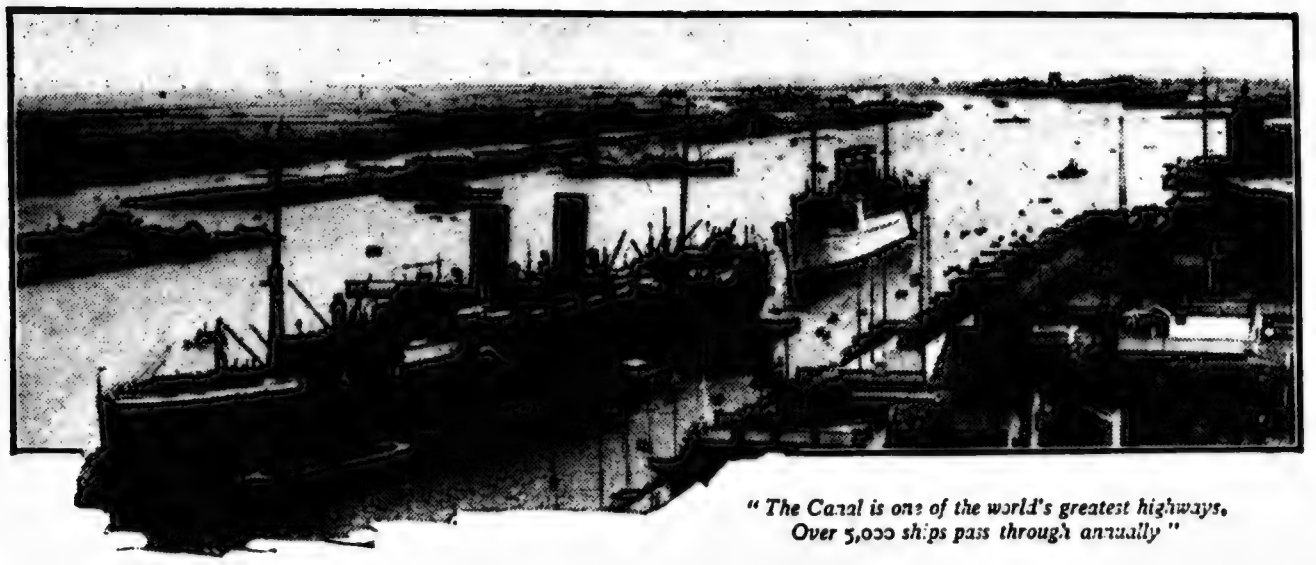
Great Britain's part in Egypt's history has been a lengthy and important one. In 1888, the dual control of France and Britain came to an end; and Great Britain took over the protection and tutelage of Egypt.

But Egypt has been slowly mov-

HINX SECRET

OLCANO the Gate

Sejostris Sidarouss Bey, Egypt's representative in London, and ever such a busy man at present



"The Canal is one of the world's greatest highways. Over 5,000 ships pass through annually"

ing towards an ever more independent status among the nations.

On April 19, 1923, Britain recognised Egypt's status as a sovereign State.

The "capitulations," however, remained in force. These are treaty arrangements with fourteen Powers, Great Britain among them, which concern the rights of foreigners in Egypt. The main points affected are the protection of foreigners in the courts and the protection of racial minorities. The protection of the Suez Canal and other lines of communication and the Sudan are covered by the British treaty of 1924.

Strange "mixed courts" of justice arose out of the capitulations. In Egypt, no foreigner is tried for certain specified offences by the Egyptian courts.

Instead, he goes before a mixed court, which is a tribunal composed of three judges: two foreign judges and one Egyptian. A court may have one British, one French and one Egyptian judge, or Belgian and Italian and Egyptian judges, and so on. But the proportion is always the same.

The jurisdiction of these courts extends over civil difficulties between foreigners of the same or different nationalities; certain penal offences also come within their scope; and offences against the Bankruptcy Acts.

Bones of contention

These mixed tribunals are one of the bones of contention between the Egyptian Nationalists and other parties. Every Egyptian agrees that justice is adequately administered in them; but the Nationalists seek to limit further their powers.

Great Britain's particular interest in Egypt is obvious. Egypt stands at the gateway to India, and also to Australia. She dominates that portion of the Near East where vital interests are at stake. The right for Great Britain to maintain troops and air headquarters in Egypt; to control certain vital lines of communication is essential.

Lines of communication: Never before were they so important. And, above all, there is the Suez Canal.

The world took a gigantic step forward when the Canal was opened in 1869; when the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were joined by the long waterway which engineering genius constructed.

As you enter the Suez Canal, steaming in from the gold-flecked azure of the Mediterranean to anchor at Port Said, you see facing you a great statue. It is the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, designer and constructor of the Canal. He stands there dominating the harbour and pointing to his handiwork.

Below him lies the busy city of Port Said, with its old bazaars and also the broad modern Lesseps Street.

From Port Said you steam slowly down the 103 miles of the Canal. With Asia on the one side and Africa on the other, your ship glides slowly along between silent desert shores.

Suddenly, in the brown waste, over a station building and some trucks, you see, with a start of amazement, a large sign: "Branch Line to Mount Sinai." Good heavens! A railway to Sinai! And then you realise that the East has really changed.

Along the Canal of wonders the ships steam: to Bombay, Calcutta; to Karachi for Persia; to Ceylon; to Australia; to Java, Sumatra and dark Borneo with its tangle of jungles. Then comes the town of Suez, the end of the Canal, and the Red Sea.

The Canal is one of the world's greatest highways. Over 5,000 ships pass through annually. And the British Government holds a controlling interest in it. The political genius of Disraeli saw, in 1875, the strategic and commercial importance of control. It was he who then bought, on behalf of the British Government, the Suez Canal shares of the Egyptian Khedive, for four million pounds.

Down south, below Egypt, following the Nile's windings towards her source, lies the immense territory of Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, ten times larger than Great Britain in area.

Sudan for Egypt?

The Egyptian Nationalists demand that the Sudan shall be under sole Egyptian control.

The British point of view is that our evacuation of the Sudan would lead to its conquest by other European nations, avid for new markets and more extended territory. We must not lightly abandon the fruits of years of sacrificing work by Britons who have braved climate, disease and a thousand perils in lonely fortitude.

Such is Egypt; and it is the question of our safeguarding this keystone of Empire which arouses constant difficulties and disagreements.

The Egyptian State is a new State. The Government consists of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. Two-fifths of the Senate are nominated by King Fuad. The remainder are elected by universal suffrage. The deputies are all elected.

During the years since the constitution was adopted, Egypt has been a cockpit of political struggle.

Each Egyptian party has charged the other with corruption and the falsifying of elections. The situation, aggravated by riots and terrorism, became so perilous that, in July, 1928, the King suspended the constitution by royal decree for at least three years.

He selected a new Ministry, headed by Mohammed Pasha Mahmoud, who is now in London engaged in parleys with our Government. This Ministry's legislation is carried on by royal decree.

Egypt is a seething whirlpool of conflicting forces. The Nationalist elements demand complete independence. If they achieved this, however, it would be an independence in name alone. It is an open secret that the Nationalists play France off against Britain.

The complete withdrawal of Britain from all participation in Egyptian affairs would irreparably endanger the Empire. Egypt is the gateway. We must guard it.

Question remains

But the question remains: How shall it be guarded?

And here the two tendencies of British diplomacy are apparent. Lord Lloyd follows the iron tradition set by Lord Cromer, greatest of Anglo-Egyptian administrators. Whether it is the correct tradition, rigidly to be followed at this stage, is an open question.

On the other hand, there is the policy of more liberal concessions to the rising Nationalist sentiment. That was the policy of Sir Austen Chamberlain; it is certainly the policy of the present Government, members of which are even now engaged in conversations with Premier Mahmoud.

Should our attitude be one of encouragement and propitiation to the aspirations of the Nationalist Egyptians?

There are many who approve this course. They maintain that it is the most effective means of quelling the activities of the extremists

The volcano is muttering. It is a time for cool heads and careful hands. With full understanding and trust on both sides, with caution when necessary, and with the will to experiment if called for, we may come to the solution.

That is the problem which lies before the present Government. Britons will watch their efforts to solve it with interest and sympathy. But if, in our name, concessions are granted which will endanger the safety of the Empire, then our condemnation will be unmistakable, and our action will be swift and decisive.

Egyptian Nationalists riot with Cairo police—an event which makes the presence of our troops a necessity

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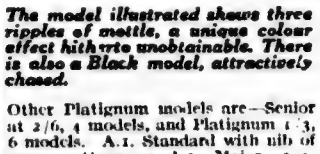

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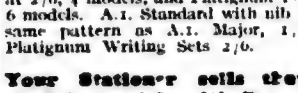

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Real Life Stories—

The Blinkin'

Drawn by Edgar Spenceley

"He had been mourned as dead and returned by the power of God"

"THE blinkin' black": such was the title that my friend Sergeant Stibbard gave to every individual of the entire nation, or accumulation of nations, that filled the continent to which he had so accidentally come. It did not matter to him who they were.

They appeared to him very much as an enormous herd of black-faced sheep might have done, all alike, all contemptible, all specially devised by Providence to make him regret that he had been born, and still more that his battalion had been one of those which had been drafted to India for garrison duty, instead of into one of the Expeditionary Forces that were fighting halfway across the world.

He stood at the door of the guard-room, improvised in the station buildings, trying to discover whether it was more insufferable inside or out.

He found this very difficult. Inside was like the inside of an oven, but smelled worse and was more insect-ridden. Outside was like an over-heated conservatory, black as a coal-hole, cryptic as the grave.

On the whole, better stifle in limelight that showed you your detestable situation than be lost in that Oriental mystery. So he moved gingerly back to the station platform.

The one fact about India that he recalled from his schooldays was summed up in the heavy-type paragraph-heading, "The Black Hole of Calcutta."

He didn't know where Calcutta was, but this was Black Hole enough for him. And he knew why. There, squatting upon the platform, were the figures of the draft of recruits that he had to shepherd to the 501st Indian Labour Battalion.

Some of them wore some part of their uniform, others wore other parts. Their equipment they either nursed as if it were a baby, or sat upon as they would a bundle of sticks.

Nothing would induce them to wear their boots or to discard some of their own duds, filthy and grotesque as these seemed to him; but he thanked his stars that such irregularities were no part of his business.

PROVIDED that he got them into the train, with the objects for which each one, per list, was responsible, and could keep them so until he could deliver them at their depôt, some hours down the railway, he would be rid of them.

It would be one more duty done, one more day or so passed towards that peace and demobilisation which he longed for more articulately than he longed for heaven.

Yet even so dreaming, his factory foreman's habit of responsibility and integrity was so strong that he counted over once again those squatting, murmuring, malodorous figures. He was soon aroused from his perambulating stupefaction. He counted again. Then he really did perspire. He had thought the Indian night was hot. He now found something hotter. The recruits were only eleven—one short. Once more he counted, and went icy cold.

He shouted to the corporal, who came, pale and sticky, and went over the whole matter, interjecting countrified Oohs! and Aahs!

The corporal could find no fault with his arithmetic. A recruit was missing.

"You ain't let him through the guard-room?" was the obvious question to be asked.

The corporal shook his head, then pointed to the blackness beyond the edge of the platform.

"I should say he's walked off!"

"Walked off yer grandmother!" was the sergeant's only comment.

It was incredible that a black, having been offered and accepted good Government money, equipment and rations, should voluntarily desert. So thought Sergeant Stibbard.

He snorted with contempt, but in his heart he did know. He saw himself called to account. Man missing! Had a proper guard been set? Of course, he ought to have had a sentry posted to prevent any of them straying off down the metals or away into the country beyond.

He could hope for nothing less, for here was not only the man but his clothing and equipment gone. And the train due in less than half an hour now, to pick up this and other details.

At that moment came the voice of the corporal:

"Sadjent, you're a-wanted!"

With a curse he strode to the guard-room. There, standing humbly, with full clothing and equipment ludicrously disposed in every wrong position about his person, was an oldish "native." There could be no mistake.

This was the blinkin' black that had been causing all the trouble. No good trying to find out where he had been, and why. The Government property that weighed him down convicted him, and Sergeant Stibbard was no good at their language.

"Fall in!" he commanded sharply, adding to himself some terms which served to express his intense relief. Instead of falling in, the old recruit began to speak humble, low-voiced words of his incomprehensible lingo.

SERGEANT STIBBARD, resuming his own equipment and rifle, ordered briefly, "Bring him along," and the corporal brought down the butt of his rifle against the old fellow's slippered heels.

That sent him shuffling along. They could move when they wanted to. Sergeant Stibbard, his corporal and party aiding made them.

And when the long train roared in there they were, drawn up more or less in line, with all their belongings. Then, amid the shouting and steam and smoke and confusion came one clear English voice:

"Your party all right, sergeant?"

"All correct, sir!"

"Get 'em aboard—that's right—what—what's the matter?"

The old recruit had begun again his long, soft, nasal complaint. He was showing his equipment, turning up his eyes, imploring, explaining.

—*by Famous Authors*

Black

by

R. H. MOTTRAM

Author of "The Spanish Farm"

"Look sharp!"

"One of 'em jibs, sir!"

"Can't keep the train for you!"

With one exasperated "Gerrup!" Sergeant Stibbard bunted the old man in and leapt for his own place. Doors were slammed, whistles blown, bells rang, and the long tail of carriages trailed behind the blast of the engine into the night.

• • •

Sergeant Stibbard smoked, and even slept, in unwonted contentment. But in the compartment into which the twelve were garnered another atmosphere reigned. Most of them were resigned, by creed, by nature, or by immediate circumstances, to the lot that had befallen or been chosen by them.

But the voice of the old man who had so relieved Sergeant Stibbard by his appearance was raised in one long, piteous, endless narrative.

The others tried to stop him, put in remarks or comments that were meant to be witty or helpful, or merely silencing, but he heeded them not, going on and on in the warm, moist night. This was his tale:

Away there, further beyond at every moment, in the village in which he had spent nearly every day of a life already long, and which he had never left, except for those mysterious journeys that are ostensibly some form of pilgrimage, but may have all sorts of other motives, or lack of motives, the situation created in 1914 had been discussed evening after evening.

And now the strife had come a step nearer. With all sorts of offer and persuasion variously regarded, chewed over, considered or merely contemplated, actual enlistment for Indian Labour Battalions had become part of life.

HERE the story became poignant and personal, at the point at which all these strange, far-away things had touched the old man, and his voice rose, became shriller, more insistent.

"Assuredly, there came to the village again and again these folk that lived along the railway, and have neither caste nor country, but are content to do the work the sahibs will not do for themselves, men whose god is this te-rain, in whose belly we are now being carried I know not whither.

"I would not listen to their talk, for who knows what evil may not fall upon those who go across the black water to fight for the sahibs? And because I was against it, these godless ones persuaded my son, who bears my name, to take the oath and to carry the Government clothing and this burden I have here.

"Alas! for young men, how shall their feet be guided from foolishness! My son soon felt that swift repentance that follows rashness. But, I showed him, an oath is an oath, and Government clothing must be accounted for.

"It was of no avail. And when they came to fetch him, to put him in this train with all of you, he runs off again and comes home; nor could I persuade him of his wickedness.

"So I must be carrying the Government clothing back to the sahibs at the station, lest he be taken as a thief as well as a runaway.

"Then did the subadar take me instead of my son, not listening to the reasons I had to give, and here I am, and what to do I cannot tell!"

So ceased the voice. All round the darkened compartment the others commented or merely mused upon the old man's tale. But one more compassionate than the others said:

"Have courage, father. When we get to this journey's end thou wilt find a sahib set in authority over the subadar to him wilt thou tell thy tale, and have justice, for the sahibs are mad, but just!"

In this faith were the recruits detrained at the depôt, and Sergeant Stibbard, counting them in, felt a righteous satisfaction, and went off to breakfast. He had done with the "blinkin' blacks," as he said, and could now return, with his party, to the battalion.

But others had not done with them. Paraded for further entrainment to Bombay, the proceedings were held up, and the officer in charge found himself confronted with an elderly recruit, improperly clothed and cringing, in charge of an Indian N.C.O.

"This man says he enlisted by mistake."

"Funny sort of mistake. He's got his uniform and equipment?"

"He says he was returning them to store for his son, who ran away."

"A fine story. Enlisted, and doesn't like it, I suppose. What's his name?"

"Ram Das!"

"Here it is, on the roll. March him off!"

In the train going Bombayward more lamentation and a second telling of the story. But now the recruits were mixed with the others, and were trying to keep up their courage with the usual boasting and buffoonery.

Differing views obtained among his audience. One that he was a liar; the other that he was being rewarded for a life of wickedness. What had he done, they asked, to drive his son to enlist? Others told him it was the will of God.

It was in the great sheds along the quay, paraded for embarkation, that he next told his tale. The authority before whom he was brought was hurried and summary.

"Enlisted by mistake? He'd never have got this far if that were so. What's his name? Well, that's correct. Ask him how he got his name on the roll, and his uniform and equipment. What? Same name as his son, who ought to be here instead? I can't help that. He should have explained earlier. Look sharp, there!"

Old Ram Das did the one thing that was possible to him. He leapt into the harbour. Better to perish, believing in God, than to go forward, no one knew where, like this.

But he was in the grip of an authority that would not allow him to perish. He was fished out, brought back to consciousness, dried, put in irons, and cautioned as to his conduct.

Stunned and despairing, he sweltered across those boiling seas. Then at Basra he told his tale once more. This time he was warned in his own language, and in no uncertain terms, of the punishment that awaited attempts at desertion.

THEY put his clothing and equipment on him, and bade him fall in. And away went the brigade, by rail and boat, by march and bivouac, up over the tracks of the campaigners of years, until the seaboard with its climate, its familiar conditions, was far behind.

He found himself in an unknown land, high and cold, amid the traces of more recent war, and gradually the surroundings and atmosphere so bore upon his patient and astonished soul that somewhere in camp between Hamadan and Kirmanshah he collapsed, and had to be carried to hospital.

Once more he prepared himself to die. And once more the authority of the sahibs prevented it. After a few days he found himself coherent and convalescent before a medical board.

And while he lived to tell his tale again, halting and humbly, the medical officer appealed for him as no god of his imagining could have done.

"It's a perfect disgrace. The old man's sixty if he's a day. What? I don't care what's on his conduct sheet or what his N.C.O. says. He's over age and can demand his discharge. He's not fit to carry his pack, and it's a miracle he ever got here. He ought to go down to the base at once, by the next convoy!"

The Eurasian attendants translated as much as they thought good for the old man, and took the credit to themselves. So that he gave them largesse from his pay and a blessing from his full heart.

And, naturally enough, as he made that journey coastward, in the inverse sense, his health and spirits returned. Surely the justice of the white man was more wonderful than the mercy of God.

Arrived at the base, he was subjected to further enquiries, which elicited less and less as his actual experiences became remoter and remoter, until all authorities agreed that he must be got rid of at all costs; and thus he achieved a demobilisation so early that many a General envied him.

So now he sits once more in his village, in the cool of day, a hero and the object of more or less flattering visits from all the neighbourhood. He had been mourned as dead and returned by the power of God. But he himself has not quite recovered all his illusions.

AND sometimes he tries to remember that the sahibs rendered him justice, not because of his misfortunes, but for other and ineffable reasons of their own. This makes them seem to him more all-powerful than ever. He is glad they won the war.

Could he only know how wonderful the sahibs really are!

For in the cantonments, grilling in the sun, a thousand miles away, men pass and repass little bits of paper, on which his name is associated with figures, showing that the Empire of India has lost, irrecoverably, his pay and rations for the period of his service, paid to a man wrongly enlisted for reasons undiscoverable.

And as for Sergeant Stibbard, he has not once thought of his unwilling recruit since he counted out at the depôt—the Blinkin' Black.

"This is absolutely true"

"No. 187017"

***by* P. C. WREN**

Next Week

Thousands who could afford to pay more buy Manikins—

They know that no other smoke gives the same *pleasure.*

Mellow, Mild and Nutty, Manikins are rolled from Ripe Tobacco, without paper, yet they are inexpensive for 10d. buys 5 of these delightful smokes.

The secret of Manikin goodness at Manikin Price is just this—They are rolled from the delicate Tip Leaves, too small for the large cigar, yet actually the sweetest smokes of all. Buy a packet to-day—you will be delighted with Manikin fragrance and value.

MANIKIN

·CIGARS·

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

5 FOR 10D.

All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

The children do love it so!

'O.K.' is a great favourite at meal times, particularly so with the children, who simply love this delicious fruity sauce; and the *vitamins* it contains make it really good for them.

'O.K' has a thousand culinary uses which every thrifty housewife will appreciate.

Mason's
'O.K.'
Sauce

Sold everywhere 6D & 9D *per Bottle*
GREENLY'S

7 PRESCRIPTIONS THAT SAVE YOU DOCTORS' BILLS

These are the Famous Shadforth Prescriptions you should always keep in your home.

INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, FLATULENCE, GASTRITIS. (Bismuth, Soda, Magnesia, Carminatives, &c.) 1/4 (72 tablets), 2/6 (144 tablets). Non-purgative—You feel easier in 5 minutes. No. 1077.

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO. (Juniper, Buchu, Colchicum, Bearberry, &c.) 1/9 (50 pills), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). Removes Uric Acid and rapidly kills the pain. No. 69

HEART AND NERVE WEAKNESS—PALPITATION. (Foxglove, Gentian, Dandelion, Nux Vomica, &c.) 1/9 (50 pills), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). Prevents faintness, tremblings, heart failure, and collapse. A quick, reliable pick-me-up. No. 632.

SCIATICA NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE. (Phenacetin, Aspirin, Dover's Powder Quinine, &c.) 1/3 (25 tablets), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100). Promptly relieves all nerve pains. No. 293.

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NASAL CATARRH, COLDS, COUGHS, AND 'FLU. Complete 3 fold treatment, composed of Paregoric Compound Pills, Antiseptic Nose and Throat Wash, and a Germ-killing Snuff. The total cost of this Course of Treatment is 4/6, and considering the efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks the cost is very small in comparison. No. 231 T.

NERVE WEAKNESS AND BREAKDOWN. (Phosphorus, Damiana, Nux Vomica, Lecithin). 1/9 (25 tablets) 2/3 (50), 6/- (100). Invigorates brain and entire nervous system like magic. No. 470.

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PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)

(Dept. J.B. 23), 48, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4. Branches: 166, *High Street, Walthamstow, E.17*; 609, *Barking Road, East Ham, E.6*; 1a, *Burton Road, West Dem, E.13*; 6, *Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath*; 1148, *Green Lane, Barnehurst South*; 2, *South Park Parade, Glenn Park*; 44, *London Road, Romford*; and 63, *Green Road, Bow, London, E.3.*

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To the Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

I should like to have a free copy of your Book of Prescriptions No. A 299 with my enclosed order.

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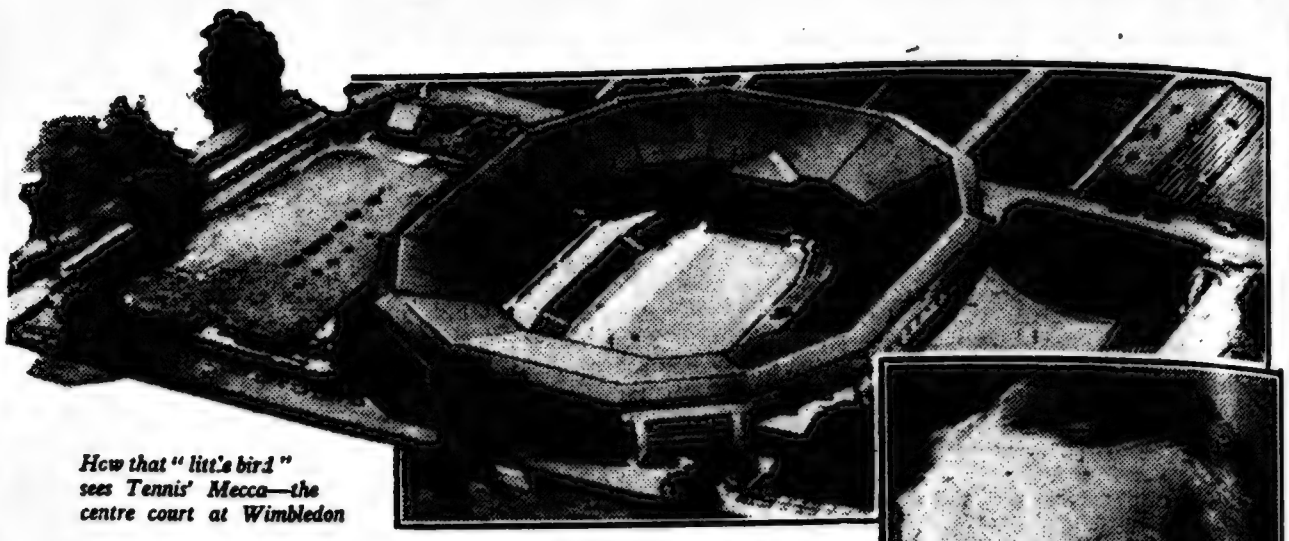
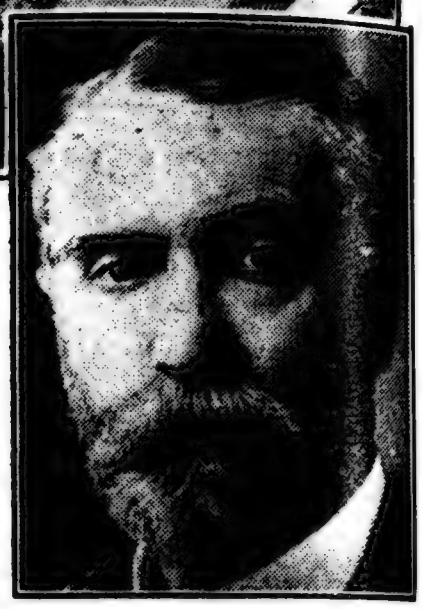
John Bull Advt.



How that "little bird" sees Tennis' Mecca—the centre court at Wimbledon

The SHAM TENNIS AMATEURS



Lord d'Abernon, the L.T.A.'s invaluable President

THE Lawn Tennis Association has accomplished much that is valuable to the game in recent years, especially since Lord d'Abernon has been President.

But it has not yet succeeded in driving from the game those players who, by various ingenious methods, violate the accepted principles of amateurism.

That sham amateurs now constitute a scandal has long been obvious.

We read of promoters of tennis tournaments who are seriously considering the advisability of abandoning them owing to the increasing demands of prominent competitors for additional expenses—expenses far in excess of the fees which would be paid to such world-famous professionals as Karl Koseluh and Charles Read. And it is altogether wrong.

But in spite of such happenings, which are known to everybody, the Lawn Tennis Association apparently is making no effort to check a practice that is bringing, possibly, the most popular national pastime into disrepute.

It has been suggested that the Association is so controlled by other organisations, such as the All England Lawn Tennis Club, into whose coffers annually flow thousands of pounds as a result of the Wimbledon meeting, that it is powerless in the matter of sham amateurs.

It is maintained, rightly or wrongly, that although certain players, who have made Wimbledon a very popular sporting festival, have been granted excessive amounts for personal expenses, the Lawn Tennis Association cannot take action in the matter, because it likewise receives a substantial amount of the profits made by the All England Club.

No doubt

However unfair or ungenerous this belief may be thought, there is absolutely no doubt that the Lawn Tennis Association could discover and suppress many of the scandals which are associated with first-class tennis.

The Association must have some idea of the financial position of those players who flit from tournament to tournament; who spend the winter months on the Riviera or at other delectable centres; and who, in fact, are apparently in the happy position of being able to devote the whole of their lives to the joys of lawn tennis.

A little intelligent investigation into the present condition of affairs would reveal many serious breaches of amateur principles.

The players may not actually receive assistance in the form of hard cash, or cheques; but they benefit considerably otherwise.

We hear repeatedly of hotel bills that are never presented; of lavish hospitality extended to certain attractive players; of other transactions which make the playing of lawn tennis as profitable as it is pleasant.

What happens is this. If a player is in the first flight, and attracts the public to watch him play, his presence alone will guarantee a profitable gate at any tournament. Promoters of certain of the less notable tournaments, therefore, offer substantial inducements to such individuals to take part in their tournament. And these "inducements" are of such a character that they appeal tremendously to those out for a good time at other people's expense.

Great luxury cars are at their disposal every minute of the day. They spend a week before the tournament and many days afterwards surrounded by comfort for which they do not pay; they gain enormous social advantages by being made members of exclusive house parties, admission to which, unless they were public favourites, would, in ordinary circumstances, be impossible.

All these advantages are theirs so long as they retain their skill on the courts.

It is a subtle form of professionalism.

No indictment can be framed against these people. They apparently accept nothing tangible, although many a firm that provides prizes and trophies for tournaments could unfold a tale.

Month in and month out these sham amateurs lead a delightful life as a reward for the exploitation of their prowess.

Yet some of our sham amateurs are hypocrites enough to pretend horror at those honest individuals who make lawn tennis a profession. Some of them are not even satisfied with all the corrupt advantages which they enjoy.

His conditions

It is not long ago that an extremely attractive player—possibly the most attractive of all time—was invited to compete in an annual seaside tournament which was organised on behalf of charity

The invitation was accepted on "certain conditions." But these conditions involved so much expense that had they been allowed they would have swallowed up the average profits of the whole affair.

The true facts of this notorious case were never officially revealed; but they were known to many in the lawn tennis world, and we believe they were brought to the official notice of the Lawn Tennis Association.

Again, the Lawn Tennis Association recently passed a resolution forbidding the practice of players allowing their names to be used in advertising the value of a certain racket or ball.

This was a step in the right direction, but one that has easily been overcome by the sham amateur.

To improve in one's favourite game is a natural feeling inherent in human nature. To many in the lawn tennis world this can be more easily accomplished by using the same rackets and balls as do the leaders in the game.

For instance, many girl players are convinced that they can improve their game tremendously if they can use a racket similar in make to those utilised by, say, Miss Helen Wills.

A man, on the other hand, can visualise increased accuracy and speed if he is in possession of a "Tilden" or "Cochet" racket. Its use alone gives him added confidence.

Too obvious

What, therefore, is to prevent a player from using one particular racket in every tournament and competition in which he or she may participate? The inference is obvious.

The methods of players who obtain financial or material benefit for their skill are very varied in character. But, difficult as it may appear, the Lawn Tennis Association should make a real effort to stamp out these objectionable practices, if it has the interest of the game really at heart.

It is handicapped by the subterranean methods employed by these people, especially when abroad.

But so far as this country is concerned, these illicit practices must be traced to their sources. It is not a difficult matter to discover whether the player or the promoters of a tournament settled the hotel bill, and if the prizes won were eventually returned to firms that provided them.

There is only one certain cure for this blot on a great sport.

The Lawn Tennis Association must cut across the snobbery which now disfigures the game. It must admit professional and amateur players on absolutely equal terms to all tournaments which its rules control.

Kill temptation!

On the cricket field paid and unpaid players mingle in friendly and equal rivalry. They can do so on the centre court at Wimbledon. And, until they do so, the amateur who is not rich will perpetually be tempted to fall for the tempting but dishonourable inducements offered him by so many folk whose financial gain is bound up with his skill.

Come here, David!

If Mother turns her back a minute, David's off again. But Mother doesn't really mind. When David's in mischief she knows that David's well. But mother remembers how bothered she was once about her baby—how he seemed to stick and stay just where he was—gained a little one week and lost it all the next. And she remembers how one day someone mentioned Nestlé's Milk. Mother thinks that in all her motherhood these two words were the most helpful she ever heard.

Nestlé's is rich farm milk—all the vitamins in it; every drop of the cream. But in one most important way it's different from ordinary milk. The Nestlé's process makes the curd light and flakey. So that baby gets all the nourishment without any tax or trouble to its little system.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD

Later on will come the time when Baby requires a follow-on food—something more than milk. And it is here that Nestlé's Milk Food comes in. Nestlé's Milk Food will carry on the good work which Nestlé's Milk has begun. Send a card to Nestlé's, Infant Welfare Dept., 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, for full particulars of Nestlé's Milk Food.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 3.

GET THIS 6d BOOK FREE

Here is an interesting book, illustrated with fine coloured plates, that should be in every home. Written in language that all can understand, it explains fully how teeth grow, even before birth. It is a unique publication and only a limited number of copies will be given away. "The Teeth and Their Care" is the title of this book. It contains facts not generally known and is much more interesting than many a novel. Get it at once.

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1/- PER LARGE TUBE

PREVENTS DENTAL DECAY

POST THIS NOW

—and Get Yours Before They are All Gone

Please send me, free, a copy of your 6d. book, "The Teeth and Their Care." I enclose 1½d. to cover cost of postage.

Name.....

Address.....

CRANBUX LIMITED, NORWICH

Aldwych

Our portrait is of Mrs. E. J. Harris, Church House, Upper Sapey, Nr. Worcester, who writes:—

"Some time ago I suffered great pain from a varicose leg which became badly ulcerated. After trying several ointments and medicines which seemed to do no good, I resolved to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, and after having taken one bottle I found great relief. I persevered with Clarke's Blood Mixture and am now glad to say that my leg is completely healed, and I am free from pain. I send this testimonial in the hope that others may benefit by Clarke's Blood Mixture in the same way as I have done."

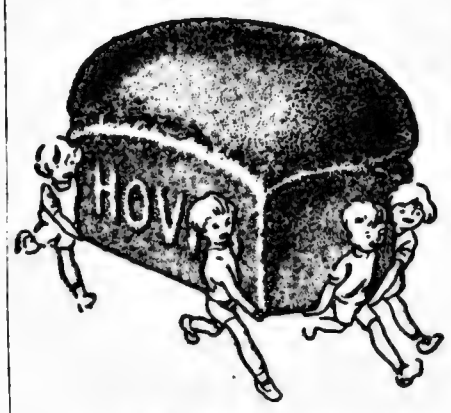
Your Skin Trouble, too, can be Healed

to stay healed, if only you will cleanse your blood with Clarke's Blood Mixture, the Blood Purifier which so many sufferers have tried and proved successful in the treatment of **Abscesses, Ulcers, Swollen Glands, Bad Legs, Piles, Eczema, Sore Places, Boils and Eruptions,** all of which are but symptoms of a poisoned condition of the Blood. See that you get

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"Everybody's Blood Purifier."
3/- per bottle. Six times the quantity 12/-

The Childrens' Choice.



Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them.

HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

Mentholatum for MIDGE and GNAT BITES

ALL CHEMISTS 1/3

It takes HARD HEADS to touch SOFT HEARTS

BEGGING IS BOTH AN ART AND AN INDUSTRY

BEGGING is steadily decreasing. Last year there were only 1,200 prosecutions, compared with over 2,000 the year before.

The disreputable, vermin-infested beggars who trudge the highways are rapidly declining in numbers.

The war swept a large number of the younger beggars into the Army and compelled them to become self-respecting citizens; the elderly pests, dreadful examples of wasted lives, are fast dropping into lonely graves.

This does not mean that begging as a means of livelihood is altogether dying out. There are still plenty of people, with clever but indolent minds, who make a comfortable living out of begging—in fact, begging has become a strictly competitive business.

The successful modern begging-letter writer, who is the aristocrat of the profession, is a shrewd psychologist, who stalks his victims with tact and discretion. He also possesses a notable gift of expression.

Sheer genius

The old, whining, mis-spelt letter is out of date; the modern begging-letter writer expresses himself with cunning lucidity. The phraseology of some of his letters often amounts to sheer genius.

It is a pity that the more eloquent exponents of the art do not adopt literature as a career. Several of them possess imaginative qualities which would have made them successful novelists.

One reason for the increased skill of begging-letter writers is that money is tighter to-day than it was a few years ago. The successful humbugs are astute business men, who peruse "Debrett" and the society weeklies in order to study the movements of their victims.

In the future, successful begging-letter writers will doubtless instal a card-index system and employ a typist.

Unfortunately, the police are seldom able to secure a conviction against these rogues, since their wealthy clients are unwilling to incur the publicity involved in a prosecution.

The prince of modern begging-letter writers is a clergyman who specialises in appealing to county and titled families for aid.

Heart-rending

His letters, which are masterpieces of ingenuity, contain piteous references to "his ailing wife and four little starving children." Needless to say, his family exists only in his fertile imagination, which is responsible for providing him with an income of several pounds a week.

This ordained beggar frequently inserts appeals in the religious Press imploring aid, also for "clothes for the little ones"—which are pawned.

It is a pity that the advertisement managers of religious weeklies cannot afford to keep a sterner eye on their columns, which contain so many sanctimonious appeals from unworthy persons.

Another gentleman beggar masquerades under several aliases. He is perhaps best known as "William Haines." Haines, who was educated at Eton and Cambridge, specialises in writing to members of the leading clubs for "loans."

The Duke of Wellington, President of the London Mendicity Society, knows every beggar's wile

At one time this professional loafer lived in a comfortable flat in Bloomsbury. He has been seen driving a two-seater car, and he was once caught by one of his victims sipping a cocktail in the lounge of a fashionable hotel.

Some time ago he was fascinated by the charms of a beautiful actress, who little dreamt that the suave, cultured man with the charming manners was a common beggar in disguise.

But Haines nearly came a nasty cropper when a well-known clubman offered him a job as private secretary. Beggars of this type avoid work at all costs.

There are as many strata in the begging community as there are in ordinary social life.

Cosmopolitan

Pavement "artists" come next to the begging-letter writers in this queer fraternity of misfits. These "artists" are as cosmopolitan as the genuine ones in Chelsea.

A Russian princeling, driven to earn his living on the cold streets by the Bolsheviks, earned a precarious livelihood drawing exquisite little pastels on the pavement in Tottenham Court Road, London.

A colonel of the British Army, who had exchanged his leg and a portion of one lung for a string of medals, drew bitter caricatures on the pavements at Golder's Green.

Fortunately, both these men obtained more suitable work. The colonel is now happily married, and is living in South Africa.

Many pavement "artists" earn a fairly good living. The amount they earn depends not, as might be supposed, upon the quality of their work, but on the position of their pitches.

A pitch in Kingsway, which is considered to be the most remunerative site in London, earns its "artist" a steady £4 a week.

When, as is often the case, a pavement artist has no talent, he pays a colleague 5s. to paint a fresh series of pictures each week.

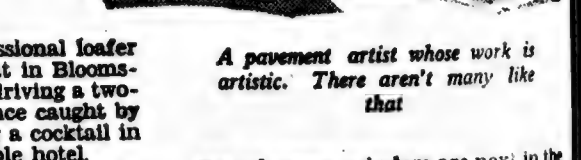
Genuine artists might find painting pictures for pavement artists a paying side-line. One "artist" occasionally enjoys a holiday at Brighton, when he employs a substitute to sit on his pitch.

Another, who paid nearly £20 for a pitch in the City, has a banking account.

"Artists" who exhibit their work in less favourable positions do not earn more than 25s. a week.

An official belonging to a well-known charitable society stated that of all beggars the pavement "artist" is the most difficult to reclaim.

"The majority are too lazy to tackle honest work," he said. "They get money too easily from foolish women, who apparently cannot resist throwing coppers into their caps. The constant acceptance of money from women robs these men of the last vestige of self-respect."



A pavement artist whose work is artistic. There aren't many like that

Barrel-organ grinders are next in the social scale. The average barrel-organ grinder finds life a melancholy business. He rarely earns more than 30s. a week; the majority subsist on less.

The favourite haunt of the organ-grinder is Bayswater, that Mecca of second-rate hotels, whose decayed inhabitants, moved by a common tradition, fling him a few of their scarce coppers. A beggar appeared in a Bayswater square recently wheeling a perambulator containing a wireless set—a sign of the times.

Women who expose small children in the streets for gain are the most despicable of all beggars.

A woman whose pitch lay in Holborn stood throughout the bitter winter months with a baby in her arms.

The poor little mite was blue with cold; its scanty garments were frequently soaked with rain, and its shrill, piteous cries gained the sympathy of passers-by. The woman, who took the money, was not the child's mother. She hired the little friendless soul for half a crown a week.

Exposing a child on the streets for gain is a punishable offence. The police should take stern steps to abolish this abominable traffic.

Worth trying

Begging is a problem that has confronted sociologists of all ages. Beggars are a reproach to a civilised community. Sending them to prison is not a solution of the problem. Probably the best method of reclaiming these unsatisfactory people would be to establish labour colonies where they would be compelled to learn how to work.

In many cases they are mentally undeveloped. Under wise guidance, in segregated communities, they might become useful citizens. The experiment would be well worth while.

Think of Nestlé's and of course you think of milk. Nestlé's is another name for milk, another name for Milk Chocolate, too — choc that's choc-full of creamy goodness. Try Nestlé's Napolitains — handy size pieces, daintily wrapped, easy to pass round, and easy to eat — 3d., 4d., 6d., 8d. and 1/-.

NESTLÉ'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
NAPOLITAINS

Some people prefer the ½lb. BLOCK made of the same delicious choc — 1/-

IMPURE MILK IS STARK PERIL TO BABIES!

The affecting statement by an authority shows only too clearly that purity in milk is the determining factor of Baby's health and future. Made from the milk of strictly supervised prize-winning English herds, Cow & Gate Milk Food reaches you as a farm-free and absolutely pure when it reaches you; thundery weather, drought or the pervalence of flies cannot affect its inherent quality.

"BURN THE SLUMS."

Lord Moynihan, the surgeon, at the annual meeting of the Invalid Children's Aid Association at Sir Philip Sassoon's residence in Park-lane, W., yesterday, said

Local authorities in Britain would be better advised to burn the slums in our cities than build palatial sanatoria.

Tuberculosis is responsible for unhealthy and crippled children, and causes 50,000 deaths a year. Nearly all of it is caused by impure milk. It is given to poor children, who become human test tubes. They live in slums, which are splendidly equipped laboratories for breeding tubercule bacilli.

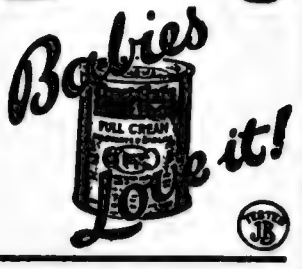
Cow & Gate Milk Food

OF ALL CHEMISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 per tin

Some Babies cannot digest rich milk, they should be put on Cow & Gate half cream (BLUE TIN) 2/6.

COW & GATE, LTD.,
Guildford.
Wincanton, Sherborne, Evershot, Beaminster, Kildorrery, Somerton, Carmarthen.

'SMILER'



Try this tea-time temptation

Sailor Savouries "Sally Lunn"

The delicious Sally Lunn takes very kindly to Sailors. Toasted and buttered and spread with Sailor Savouries Salmon Zest she has a melting charm that no masculine heart can resist. Ask them both to tea. You and your other guests ought to meet Sailor Savouries Salmon Zest. Made of salmon with a particularly tempting smoked flavour.

5½d 7½d 9½d

Angus Watson of "Skippers" fame Newcastle upon Tyne.

SAILOR SAVOURIES

and twelve other tempting Meat and Fish Pastes

ANGUS WATSON & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

BVR 171-94

Scoutmasters say
Daily Bread needs
'Golden Shred'

The Easily Digested Marmalade

ROBERTSON—only maker

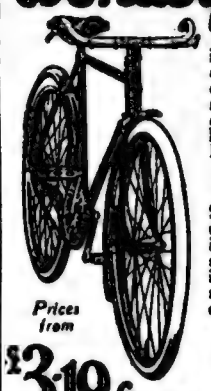
GDN7

ACIDITY CAUSES 90% DIGESTIVE TROUBLE.

AVOID FANCY TREATMENTS AND REMOVE THIS CAUSE.

While many things, directly or indirectly, may cause stomach trouble, any medical man will tell you that over nine-tenths of all cases of indigestion are due to or accompanied by acidity and food fermentation. Excess acid accumulates in the stomach and turns the food into a souring, fermenting mass which produces painful gases and still more acid, and is usually directly responsible for indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, acidity, flatulence, and gastritis. To rid yourself of this harmful acid quickly, safely and surely, you should take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This not only gives quick relief by instantly neutralising stomach acid, but soothes and heals your acid-inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia (powder or tablets) is sold by all chemists at 1s. 3d. a package, and is prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals because it is a genuine indigestion specific.

Wonderful Value



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Sent packed free and carriage paid. Money refunded in full if not absolutely satisfied. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue of 20 new models, and particulars of 15 Days Free Trial.

Prices from £3 19 6 CASH

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DEPT. B749 BIRMINGHAM.

Blacksheep LAWYERS have a Free Field

The brothers Martin: "Their victims were helpless old women"

"That titled trickster Lord Terrington"

A MATTER calling for the urgent attention of the Incorporated Law Society is the pitiable plight of hundreds of poor people, who have been stripped of all their possessions and reduced to penury by dishonest solicitors.

The law is an honourable profession. And the majority of its members are men of unimpeachable integrity.

There are, however, black sheep in every flock; and, just as the best gone bad becomes the worst, so the solicitor who steps aside from the path of rectitude generally develops into the most heartless of criminals.

Yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the unfortunate clients whom he has despoiled have no means of redress or hope of recovering a penny piece of their stolen property.

Duty ignored

This is largely because the Law Society, while it jealously safeguards the honour of the profession by striking off its rolls solicitors guilty of misconduct, callously ignores its duty to make provision for the restitution of the money misappropriated by its members.

Only in very exceptional circumstances can defrauded clients hope to recover money stolen from them by a crook solicitor. One such case, however, recently came into the Chancery Court, when Mrs. Edith Louisa Edmiston, of Albany Road, Stroud Green, London, was given judgment against an insurance company for £530 payable under a policy on the life of her husband.

The amount had been collected on her behalf by a solicitor, who forged her endorsement of the cheque and absconded with the money.

This solicitor has a disgraceful record. His name is Ptolemy Weston Pardy; and just as his namesake, the ancient Alexandrian astronomer, taught that the earth was stationary and that the heavenly bodies revolved around it, he has left his clients standing helpless while he careers round the world dissipating their money.

"A good many people want him," declared counsel, in court, "but he has never been arrested."

If he is ever caught, it will be small consolation to his clients, for only exceptional circumstances enabled Mrs. Edmiston to obtain judgment against the insurance company for the sum he had stolen.

There was an echo in the King's Bench Division a week ago of the manifold swindles of that titled trickster, Lord Terrington. In a certain case, it was stated that he defrauded one client of £213,000 and owed another at least £100,000.

They may be wealthy people who can afford the loss without extreme deprivation, but poorer folk thus defrauded are faced with the workhouse.

A particularly disgraceful case came before the Glasgow Sheriff Court recently, when John Scrymgeour Hepburn, a solicitor, of Rothesay and Glasgow, pleaded guilty to several charges of misappropriation, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. This was a most lenient sentence, seeing that this lawyer-crook had previously served a term of five years' penal servitude for embezzlement.

His frauds on this occasion were of a despicable character.

Two of the charges concerned money obtained by him on behalf of clients under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Instead of handing it over to them in their need, he squandered it in Stock Exchange speculation.

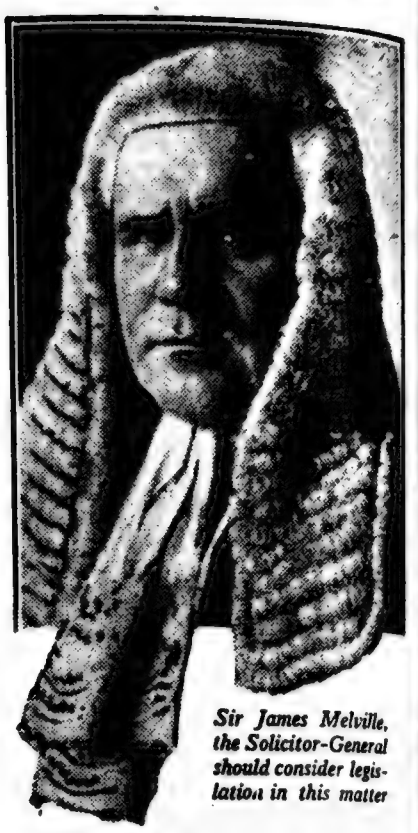
Frederick Entwistle, of Middleton, Manchester, is another solicitor who used his clients' money for his own amusement. In his case, however, it was the turf instead of the tape-machine that swallowed their savings. He risked £5,000 of their money on horses, and the pity of it is that they were mostly clients in humble circumstances.

He did not scruple even to steal £200 from an old woman who, being unable to read or write, trusted him completely. He left her with nothing but her old-age pension to live on.

Another solicitor who put horse-racing above honour was Edward Mammatt, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a plunger devoid of conscience, who wagered as much as £1,000 a day on horses.

The three years' penal servitude to which he was sentenced was no more than he deserved. But what help does his punishment bring to the clients he has ruined?

Reading is still for many a city of sorrow and privation as a result of the defalcations of the brothers Martin. Many of their victims were helpless old women and widows.



Sir James Melville, the Solicitor-General should consider legislation in this matter

Ruined old age

Consider, for example, Miss Phœbe Cash, a frail old soul who trusted these solicitors for fifty years, only to be robbed by them of £900. Another of their dupes is Mrs. Woodland. They fleeced this widow of £1,400, leaving her without the means to obtain the nourishment necessary for an invalid.

A solicitor who almost made a speciality of stealing from those least able to suffer loss was David Figur, of Norway House, Cockspur Street, London.

A large proportion of his clients were working folk, who were referred to him by the Poor Persons Department of the Law Courts. They parted with their all to this scoundrel believing that he was taking up their cases. Striking him off the rolls may afford them some sort of satisfaction, but no sort of compensation.

For the sake of these helpless victims of the rogues of an honourable profession, the Incorporated Law Society ought to take a step which we have urged before, but which it has resisted.

It must insist upon its members taking out a fidelity bond, as other people entrusted with large sums of money are asked to do.

Suspicion

Alternatively, it should require from its members an annual subscription to form a fund adequate for the purpose of making restitution to defrauded clients.

Until one of these plans is adopted the legal profession cannot escape the suspicion that it is indifferent to the sufferings of those duped by its dishonest members.

MORE CASH *for* CROSSWORDS

"John Bull" Steps Forward Again

MANY discussions have taken place from time to time with regard to the need for improvements in crosswords.

JOHN BULL is, at any rate, determined not to keep in the rut. In addition to the £500 which must be won, we now offer an extra £50 in prizes, which must also be won, for "runners-up."

This should prove an extra incentive for competitors to turn their skill into cash.

ARE YOU BEING POISONED?

Poisoned by incomplete elimination!

Constipated? No, you will say indignantly. But does your mirror say *no*, too? Does it perhaps show you a muddy skin, eyes tinged with yellow, a coated tongue? If so, nature is warning you that you are suffering from incomplete elimination. Your system is not *entirely* ridding itself of its daily waste. There is a residue of decay poisoning your bloodstream, making you old before your time.

Beware of constipation—and particularly *unsuspected* constipation. A glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" every morning gently dismisses the waste toxins from your system before they have had time to be absorbed into your blood. Eno is a sparkling saline drink, pleasant to take, and natural and complete in its action. It has been prescribed by doctors for sixty years as the one safe and simple preventive of constipation.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno costs 1/6 *and* (*double quantity*) 2/6. *The words* ENO *and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks*

Hah! Hoh! Hum!
What a life!

Betty, where are the Bath Cubes?

¶ Bag the bath when you get home. Turn on the water. Add a Reckitt's Bath Cube. Get in! And you will get out a new man! There's a new start and a new spirit waiting for you in a hot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it. Skin smooth and very supple; pores really cleared and clean. A Reckitt's Bath Cube makes tap water as soft as rain water. It puts comfort into the water. And tonic.

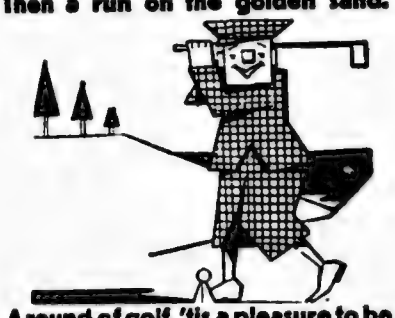
RECKITT'S bath cubes

2*d.* EACH *or in cartons of* SIX *cubes for* 1/-

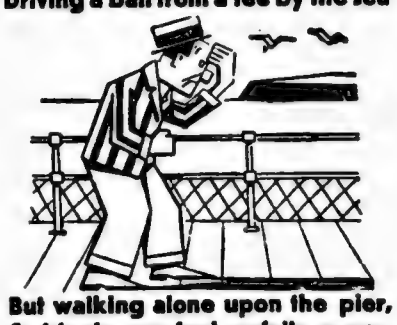
¶ ALL GROCERS AND STORES SELL THEM IN FOUR PERFUMES
Lily of the Valley * *Lavender* * *Verbena* * *Essence of Flowers*
RECKITT & SONS LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON

Bag is packed, away you go;
Cast aside dull care and woe—

Dip in the sea, feeling grand,
Then a run on the golden sand.



A round of golf, 'tis a pleasure to be
Driving a ball from a tee by the sea



But walking alone upon the pier,
Suddenly you feel awfully queer.

Then a notice you espy,
And firmly resolve a box to try.

They soon put you right, and
again you're O.K.

SO—TAKE

Beecham's Pills

ON YOUR HOLIDAY

He must forget

The TALKING HAT

and find a home for his own wife and kiddies

WHEN I married, my wife was a mere girl of nineteen. Until quite recently we were ideally happy, rejoicing in one another and the three children that have come to us.

Curious as it sounds, good luck brought our first trouble. My firm offered me a much better post, which involved removal to another town. Because of the scarcity of houses we were forced to separate, I going into lodgings while my wife remained to look after the kiddies.

Although I have left no stone unturned, all I have been able to find in the way of accommodation is furnished apartments.

These my wife resolutely refuses to occupy. She says she must have a house she can make into a home for herself and the children.

This has meant my staying on with the young married couple at whose home I found lodgings on first reaching this town.

I soon discovered that this young man and woman were entirely unsuited to each other. They had frequent quarrels and flew at each other.

The wife is of such a sweet and gentle nature that it makes it all the harder to be a silent sympathiser when her husband bullies her.

The man and I are good pals, nevertheless, so that I have ventured to tackle him on his conduct.

He admits that his rage results from lack of self-control, but says that his wife's youthful frivolity upsets him.

Then I found that my pity for the girl was turning to love; I saw, too, that she was growing fond of me. So I decided to seek fresh lodgings.

Accordingly I left, though still visiting the couple from time to time.

Now, whenever I do this, I find love-letters from this girl dropped into my hat. All implore me, in plain terms, to become her lover and take her away from "the brute."

Last week I found the usual letter in my hat, but this time the writer had gone a step further. She declared that I am the father of her coming child, and that unless I take her away she will inform her husband and write to my wife of "all that has been going on between us."

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

That nothing has passed save sympathy and pity I swear. But why should I not accept this new love? Though I am still innocent it is reciprocated by me, and if my wife gets even an inkling of it, my happiness will be ruined in any case.

"HUMANIST" says: What of the happiness of your three children whose existence you so conveniently forget?

Instead of this exaggerated sympathy for a silly woman whose marriage you are upsetting, bend your energies to find a decent home for your own wife, such as she asks, and has every right to expect.

DELILAH'S SMILE

has masked her crime

RECENTLY I took over the account books of my firm, and discovered that things were not as they should be.

The person who preceded me as book-keeper was compelled to leave because trade was bad. She is a very pleasant woman, who is happily married and comes of a highly respected local family.

Hoping to save her from exposure, I called at her home and gave her the opportunity to refund the money.

She went and begged for time. She had not the money in her hands, she said, but if I would not send in further accounts to the people whose payments she had taken she would pay off everything.

I was deeply moved, and agreed.

The promise is now many months old and has not yet been honoured. My manager is beginning to wonder why certain people are "hanging fire" with their accounts.

For the last time I urged my friend to pay. She smiled into my face and said she would do anything for me if I would tide her over this trouble, accompanying the smile with hints and suggestions which I cannot fail to understand.

Of course, it is only desperation over failure to secure the money that makes her act so; but what must I do?

"HUMANIST" says: You are wasting sympathy on an entirely worthless woman who, in addition to falsifying a firm's books, is prepared to act dishonourably to her own husband.

Keep away from her, and inform your employers of your discoveries. Remember, he who condones theft is equally guilty with the thief.

STRANGER FATHER

she despises

WHEN I was little more than a year old my father's business called him to a part of India where the climate would probably have meant death to a child of my tender age.

He took my mother with him, and I was left to the care of my uncle and his wife, who treated me as their child.

Both are musicians of high standing and international reputation, and I was brought up in an intellectual atmosphere among people I loved.

I knew my parents only as a man and woman who sent me occasional affectionate letters and hampers of good things, and who, on special occasions, came to see me. Then there came a time when the man alone wrote; he was my father, and I was told I should see my mother no more. She had died in India.

About a year ago my father returned to England for good. To me he was a stranger; his bearing and attitude towards life seemed diametrically opposed to the artistic life of my foster-parents, whom I idolised.

But he has wealth and my foster-parents have none, and he insisted on my leaving them to go to a large school. The parting was heart-rending, and my life at school was so unbearable that I ran away back to my beloved "father and mother," as I always called them.

My father now realises my feelings towards him and them, and he has allowed his jealousy to master him to such an extent that he now hates my beloved people, and he has ordered me to have nothing more to do with them.

As yet only eighteen, I feel I should have some dutiful regard to his wishes, but to forsake those who have sacrificed themselves to nurture me for the seventeen years of my short life would be to kill me—and probably them. What can I do?

"HUMANIST" says: You must do as your father wishes. Although you do not say so, he has obviously supported you while you were with your uncle and aunt, and may have spent all these years as an exile in the tropics for your sake.

Men do that kind of thing and don't talk about it. His jealousy is perhaps natural, owing to your exaggerated display of affection for your "guardians," who have spoiled you, and I am bound to think that if you had a more balanced nature and greater self-control, the present situation would never have arisen.

Remember that you are eighteen, not eight.

Homely Wisdom *by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

Light Breaks Through

AN eminent scientist once gave a lecture in London on the properties and peculiarities of light, wherein he showed his audience some queer things.

For instance, he said he could burn a sun-ray as if it were a piece of paper.

To demonstrate this he darkened the lecture room except for one small hole in a screen at the back of the platform, through which a narrow line of light was allowed to stream into the room.

Along this narrow line of light he passed the naked flame of a candle, when, to everyone's surprise, the light vanished, apparently burnt up.

Of course, it was not really burnt up, as the lecturer was careful to explain afterwards. What had happened was that the particles of dust floating in the beam of light had been consumed, and the light could not shine without them.

Light itself is invisible; we only become aware of its presence as it is radiated from material objects.

As Sir Oliver Lodge has lately been telling us, light is not a property of matter, but a power that uses matter to reveal itself, and in so doing fill the world with splendour.

Light can be absorbed and stored up in matter and given forth again when needed.

"Sir Oliver Lodge has been telling us . . . ."

In the same lecture the instructor performed the interesting experiment of feeding or packing light into some substances on his lecture table.

The room was then reduced to total darkness, but presently a faint glow began to appear in the dull materials into which light had been pumped; and it gradually grew stronger until at length all present could see each other's faces by the illumination thus supplied.

There are people we all know who might be called God's light bearers; their reserves of brightness are illimitable.

They carry hope and cheer with them wherever they go; they even seem to be, as I heard someone say of a happy-hearted child recently, "all-lighted-up inside."

Could we pay a finer tribute to any man than to say that his presence puts heart into the downcast and awakens confidence and moral energy?

Could we say anything better of a good woman than that she is the light of the home, that wherever she is smiles abound, and that love and laughter are never far apart when she takes charge?

For this is the way in which the light of heaven breaks through into the darkness of earth.

Protect yourself

when buying whisky by asking for Johnnie Walker.

That's the only way to get best value for your money when all whiskies are priced the same.

When you buy Johnnie Walker you can bet your bottom dollar that you're getting whisky of *guaranteed* purity and maturity, identical quality in Southwark or the South Seas!

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 — Still going Strong

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SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS,
KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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Healthy Legs for all!

Great New Discovery. Send Now for Free Sample and Free Booklet.

"Would Never Have Been Well Without Elasto."

"It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you of the wonderful recovery of my leg, which was ulcerated, inflamed and swollen. It is quite healthy now after taking your Elasto. I am glad I saw your advertisement, as I am sure my leg would never have been well if I had not had your remedy; moreover, I feel better in every way for the treatment.

"You may use my letter if you wish, so that others may benefit by your wonderful Elasto.—Wishing you every success."

(Sgd.) W. G. ASH.
10, New Buildings, Buckfast, Devon.

"Life-long Suffering Avoided! Thanks to Elasto!"

"My leg broke out with a small spot which soon spread up to my knee, leaving a completely ulcerated leg. The doctor told me I should have a bad leg for the rest of my life, but thanks to Elasto my leg is now perfectly healed with good, strong healthy skin on it. All my friends who saw it when it was bad almost fainted at the sight and can hardly believe it now they see it cured.

"You can use any part of this letter, or all of it, for any purpose you think fit. Thanking you for all your kindness."

(Sgd.) MRS. ROSA ANNIE JACOBS.
"Kimberley," Jackson Road,
Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

"It Is Such a Relief After Years of Pain . . ."

"My leg is completely cured thanks to Elasto; all swelling and pain gone and I am able to walk about and do my work as though I had never had a bad leg. It is such a relief after years of pain. I have had doctors, have attended hospital and have laid up for months at a stretch, all to no purpose, and yet Elasto has quickly and completely cured me without any need for resting; it is wonderful.

"Elasto has been a godsend to me, and you may publish my letter for the benefit of other sufferers, who I do hope will send for your splendid treatment.

"Thank you very much for your kind attention and wonderful cure."

(Sgd.) MRS. S. ELDRIDGE,
24, Monden Street,
Rochester, Kent.

MR. W. G. ASH.

MRS. JACOBS.

MRS. ELDRIDGE.

What Is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, sciatica, lumbago, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't waste time! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15.K.),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart LTD.

ST. LEGER
CES. AND
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UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED

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20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

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FOR CREDIT ACCOUNTS APPLY TO
DAVID COPE, LTD.,
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4
KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Tales Told at the SEASIDE

I SET out for Blackpool determined to have a joke at the expense of the other sex. Accordingly, I sauntered out one evening and saw what I imagined was an eligible young man.

I sat beside him and we were soon chatting amiably. He was an excellent talker and his tales of foreign travel were fascinating.

But my object was a free entertainment, so I casually remarked, with a shiver:

"It's getting cold. Wouldn't it be warmer in a kinema?"

"It would," he replied sadly; "but it's no use to me. I was blinded in the war." I burst into tears, and hurried away.—*A. A., Manchester.*

Another Month's Holiday

Some distance away, she was sitting on a deck-chair with her handbag beside her on the sands.

He made her acquaintance in the usual casual seaside manner, and sat beside her. Some minutes after, whilst bidding her Good-bye, he unobtrusively stole her handbag.

To have informed the girl would have given him time to slip away, so I followed him until I met a policeman.

Asked what he was doing with the bag, he said it was his wife's. But as the name he gave and that which was printed on the inside of the bag were different, he was marched off.

His tale cost him a month.—*A. R. Sturdy, Leeds.*

Led On

He was a pleasant, elderly gentleman, and he told me *such* a lot about Frank.

Frank was the best pal a man could have. Frank, who sized up people in a moment, had taken the *very* greatest fancy to myself.

Would I not come for a short motor run with Frank and himself, next afternoon?

I thought I had seen his friend—a fair-haired, aristocratic-looking youth.

Hoping to be introduced to him, I half-promised to go, but I managed to frame an excuse later, when I discovered that Frank was a wire-haired terrier.—"*Romantic*," *Glasgow.*

A Tale Untold

I went into a fortune-teller's tent on the beach to have my fate unfolded, just for fun.

A boy friend waited outside for me, and, on my reappearance, I persuaded him to learn his future, too. A moment later he joined me, saying, laughingly, that "the old dame had refused to disclose anything."

I did not believe him, thinking that he had his own reasons for this reticence.

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 13

Was I a Hero?

Next morning, whilst bathing, he was seized with cramp in deep water, and drowned before help could reach him.

I visited the fortune-teller that afternoon and told her of the tragedy.

She just shook her head sympathetically and said:

"I knew it! I could not read his hand because *he had no future.*"—*Miss M. M., Birmingham.*

The Auctioneer's Story

"You look a sport, sir. Will you trust me with a pound note? I'll make it worth your while.

"That's right. Now are there any more sportsmen in the company? Splendid! Fifteen of you—a rugger team. Give each of the sportsmen a pocket-wallet, Jacob.

"Here's a gen-u-ine Bank of England pound note, *and* a gold-filled English lever watch, *and* an Albert.

"Will you give me a pound for the lot, sir? That's the stuff ——"

And I had reached my boarding-house before I discovered that the articles were junk—*and that I had bought back my own money!*—*Dunn Browne, Dumbarton.*

The Test

The young doctor at Whitley Bay grew very fond of the tall, dark young beauty who stayed at his hotel.

She told him her father was a poor miner and that she was a domestic servant, staying at this resort after winning a free holiday in a newspaper competition.

He wouldn't believe it; but it was true. When he did discover this, however, it made no difference to his affection for her.

To-day they are married—and still very much in love.—*S. M., Lowestoft.*

Lord!

While I was bathing a young man struck me with his arm, as a large wave threw him off his feet.

The next wave sent me into his arms, and he said, laughingly, "I see that you have forgiven me."

He was waiting when I left my bathing-hut, and I noticed how shabbily he was dressed.

Feeling rather lonely, I accepted his offer of companionship.

He told me he was Lord ——'s only son, and I laughed in his face. He proposed and I refused, for although I liked him I was certain that he was lying.

I opened a picture paper on my homeward journey, and saw his photograph accompanied by these words: "Lord ——'s son, who sails for Canada next week."—*D. E. S., Hastings.*

His Seaside Idyll

He made an impressive picture as he stood in this building in a seaside town. He clasped a testament in his right hand, and took a solemn oath.

Then his speech descended from the sublime to the mean, as he related the story of a motor-driving licence that was not produced.

After he had finished I handed over a pound note and received no change.

He was a policeman giving evidence and I was a holiday-maker who had left his driving licence at home.—"*Fined*," *Banbury.*

Duked!

His dress, his manner, his speech captivated me. We danced, bathed, and walked.

He had come to the seaside, he said, to hide from those who knew him.

One day I heard two men chatting and one suddenly pointed to my companion and said: "Isn't that fellow like the duke?"

That night I mentioned this to him. It appeared to worry him considerably, but he owned up to being a duke. In the morning he had vanished.

Later a newspaper paragraph completely shattered my dream of ever becoming a duchess. It announced the capture of the notorious burglar, John Duke—my duke!—*Mary T., Edinburgh.*

Built on Sand

After the heat of a June day we sat on the edge of the cliff and discussed the future. He told me of his wonderful schemes and of the delightful home we should have shortly.

Three years have passed since that seaside tale was told. Since then he has visited a gambling arena almost nightly, and our little capital is almost exhausted.

My visions of an ideal home are fast vanishing and my evenings are spent keeping the moth away from my bottom drawer while he still chases the shadow of a fortune.—*A. S., Wembley.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

'Ware the "Stumer"

Motto: "Glanely for Chepstow"

THE bookmaker's best pal is the unfit racehorse and, if you happen to be gifted in his little ways, you cannot escape noticing his desire to lay it.

In the cheapest rings his anxiety borders on the pathetic. He seldom mentions the "real goods" and stalls if you go up and ask a price.

Prior to Goodwood almost 50 per cent. of the runners were only half tuned up owing to the long drought, while at the local meeting I noticed a number sufficiently fat to pass as fair exhibits at Smithfield. But from now on there will be a different tale to tell.

I have mentioned this as I think the stay-at-home backer, who has not much information to guide him, should keep an eye on the training reports.

They are not, of course, infallible, for here and there touts, who gather them, are warned off. But things are much better than in the bad old days, when racecourse hangers-on, if caught, received a horse-whipping or a ducking.

Newmarket trainers are particularly open-handed. Their gallops and departures are seldom incorrectly reported.

The most extensive reports appear in the *Sporting Life*, but the news can be obtained in abbreviated form in most of the dailies.

JOHN BULL readers who banked on Clear Cash drew their winnings; and, without a doubt, the spoils went to the best stayer in the field. Piperno came up in the following race to complete a double for the code.

Follow Lord Glanely is the best advice for Chepstow, and also my code selection for the Summer Cup.

As the meeting is a minor one I do not intend to put this tip in print, but the horse should win. Some of the official handicappers would have given it another stone to carry.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 8, to Wednesday, August 14.

G O W P B E A K 4 U X L M I R

D Y C F V Z 7 Q J T 3 H S N 5

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. 5YO7HSNIMU5ZH would read ROYAL MINSTREL.

"SILVER RING."

No Mug

Rain had driven me into the crowded beach shelter. A man roaming the rain-sodden sands aroused my curiosity.

At last even he had to come into the shelter.

Instantly he began to pick up the discarded food from the floor, and ate it ravenously.

Slipping a shilling into his hand, I asked him why he did not seek relief from the authorities.

He replied: "D'you think I'm a mug? Why, it's a poor day when I can't get ten bob on this game and food free, into the bargain!"—*M. B., Hereford.*

* * *

Letters in Little

We were married three years ago, and she still tells me tales beside the silvery waves, and each one is more wonderful than the last.—"*Lucky*," *Birmingham.*

He was a dashing young man, who told me that he lived in a big house and had men-servants to attend him. I found out afterwards that he was out on parole from the county asylum.—"*Still Single*," *Fulham.*

I didn't tell him that he was making love to a young man who specialised in feminine parts in amateur theatricals and had hired a lady's toilette for the evening.—*C. M. B., W.C.1.*

She was a charming girl, and we each told our tales in the approved manner. It was all very pleasant—until I saw the mark her wedding-ring had left. But then, I'm married, too!—*A. K. M.*

3 Free Offers

On page 23 the proprietors of Odol Toothpaste offer a unique book, "The Teeth and Their Care" (price 6d.), free to readers of this journal. Simply send the coupon, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage, and secure your copy NOW!

On page 29 is advertised a free Sample Offer of Elasto, together with a special free Booklet describing the discovery of this new remedy. Write for your free sample and booklet NOW to Dept. 15K, The New Era Treatment Co., Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

The Shavex Zee-Kol Co. offer on the Back Cover of this issue a free sample of Shavex and a trial Shavex Super Blade free, together with samples of Zee-Kol Ointment and Pills. Simply cut out and forward the coupons and send the necessary amount to cover postage.

YOU MUST TAKE

with you on your holidays a reliable preparation which can instantly and effectively deal with those irritating little ailments, such as stings, bites, eruptions, strains, sprains, bruises, burns, cuts, wounds, inflammation, sore throats and fevers. For this purpose there is nothing better than

'YADIL'
ANTISEPTIC,

Liquid—Pills—Ointment—Pastilles—Soap

Certified non-poisonous and absolutely safe.

Of all Chemists & Stores.

Send to-day for a free copy of the "Yadil Book of Home Treatment." It is packed full of valuable hints on health and will save you many an unnecessary worry.

YADIL PRODUCTS (1925) LTD.
Sicilian House, London, W.C.1.

NEW HAIR
Grown on
BALD HEADS
By Using KOTALKO.

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Morningtree.

"I was practically bald," he states, "and now I have an abundance of hair which my photo shows.

"Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have marvelled at the results. Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko—and who see it now—are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that I was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko."

TEST-BOX COUPON.

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (53 N.S.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 1s. 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ZAM-BUK
Stops The Poison Danger In
INSECT BITES

£500 offered as PRIZES FOR IDEAS

Say 'SUNRIPE' and the pleasure's yours!

SUNRIPE The *Quality* Cigarettes
10 for 6d Plain or Cork tipped
SUNRIPE The *'Out-of-the-Rut'*
Pipe Mixture 10½d per oz.

FREE GIFTS LIST sent post free on application to The Sunripe 'Twins,' Dept. H, 175, Shoreditch, London, E.1.

Something to sing about!

"New enlarged packets. More for your money."

BIRD'S Custard
no change in quality
Good as ever!

Copyright

£500 AWARDED in "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 22.

NO correct solution was received for "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 22. Solutions containing one error only were received from the following four competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £125 will be dispatched:—

Mr. I. Evans, 19, Clydesmuir Road, Tremorfa, Cardiff.
Mrs. W. Smart, 30, Croall Place, Kelty, Fife.
Mrs. H. Gilbert, Charlcombe View, Beacon Hill, Bath.
Mr. J. Stockley, 56, Allfarthing Lane, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 32.

TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

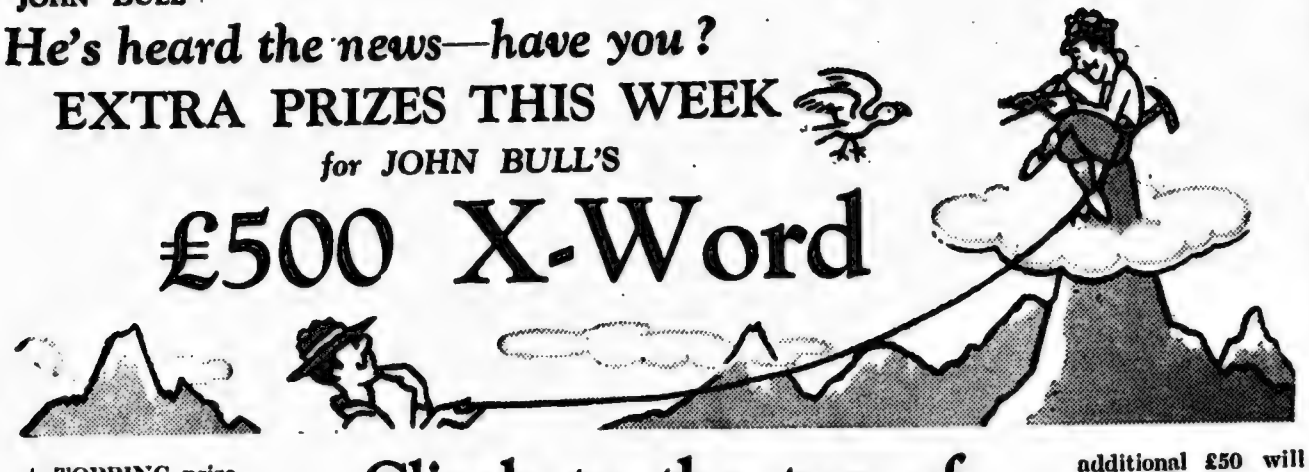
BE YOUR OWN BREWER
and brew
prime non-intoxicating
beer at home with
MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS
A real delicious drink sparkling and thirst quenching—costing less than 6d. per gallon. Buy a 9d. bottle to-day from your Grocer, Chemist, or Stores.
MINERALS & MASON, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM.
GOOD
It's
Mason's

He's heard the news—have you?

EXTRA PRIZES THIS WEEK

for JOHN BULL'S

£500 X-Word



Climb to the top of the prize-list!

A TOPPING prize of £500 which Must Be Won awaits you for simple Crossword skill.

Here is the opportunity for an easy climb to fortune. Not only is there an alluring prize of £500 which Must Be Won, but an additional £50 is now being offered for "runners up."

Solution of Puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale THURSDAY, AUGUST 22nd. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale THURSDAY, AUGUST 29th.

* * * *

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 25, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 15th.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 22 appears on page 31.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (noon), AUGUST 15th.

Clues Across.

1. A red wood.
3. Seek.
5. A round.
7. Upper end.
8. The placing in a store.
11. A fish.
12. Spoken.
13. Payment for postage.
14. Lanky.
17. Measure.
20. Small horse.
22. Banished.
24. Fair.

Clues Down.

1. Contemptible persons.
2. Kingly.
4. Cut.
6. Damaged.
9. Workman's implement.
10. Fragment of cloth.
11. Slight blow.
14. Stupid person.
15. Unfit.
16. To cry.
18. Open.
19. Smelled evilly.
21. A vessel.
23. Bashful.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 25

Entry Form "A"

25. JB.

Do not separate these forms.

CUT HERE

Entry Form "B"

25. JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a Postal Order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 15th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle in the next column **IN INK**, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 25), 53, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 15th.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, August 29th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 3rd,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

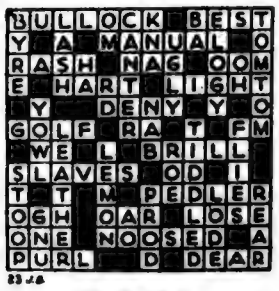
11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 23



23 JB

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 23 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

ELIZABETH'S *Rainy Days*

WHEN the weather is fine it is good for baby Elizabeth, now sixteen months old, to exercise her active little limbs in one or other of London's parks, where her mother takes her each day when she is turned out of her night's lodging.

When the rain descends, and they can't find shelter, it is another matter.

"When the rain descends . . ."

All day long, Elizabeth's daddy is frantically searching London to find a job which will pay for a room which they can call home.

The profit from the hawking of Old Moore's Almanacs, carried on whilst seeking work, barely pays for his night's lodging in a men's shelter, and that of his wife and child in a night refuge for women.

Although baby has her food, her parents know all too well what hunger means.

When Elizabeth's dad visited the "Greatest of These —" Fund he had just twopence-halfpenny in his pocket. He didn't know where to find the money for his night's lodging.

He is fit for something better than hawking almanacs. That the jobs he has satisfactorily filled since he left sea in 1923 have only proved temporary ones has not been his fault, and now his lack of clothes and agents' fees militate against his getting work as a waiter, made all the harder by the fact that he has no address from which to apply for vacancies.

How much can our good-hearted readers spare from their holiday money to provide a little comfort for baby Elizabeth and her parents?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Anon. (Ayr), 6d.; W. Roberts (Eastbourne), 5s.; Devon Registered Reader, 6d.; W. A. Lloyd, 1s.; Old Age Pensioner, 2s. 6d.; Halpha, 2s.; Unlucky Mollie, 1s.; Mrs. E. A. Watts, 2s. 6d.; An Invalid, 1s.; M. C. (One Ninth), 1s. 4d.; Appreciative, 4s.; Anon. (London, W.1), 2s.; Gratefulness, 6s.; A. K. (Chatham), 10s.; Saxonby, 10s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Overtime, 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Sympathiser (Colchester), 3s.; Miss Ena Marsden, 1s.; E. Knight, 1s.; A. Milburn, 1s. 4d.; Mrs. White (Tooting), 1s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 1s.; John W. Keeble, 1s. 11d.; ?.X., 10s.; T. T. (Barlby), 1s. 6d.; A Friend (Oban), 2s. 6d.; L. W., 2s.; Leslie (Blackpool), 1s. 6d.; Noin, 7½d.; A Sad Widow (Middleton), 6d.; P. Williams (Earlsfield), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Preston), 1s. 6d.; Sara 1, 2s. 6d.; Merely Hard Up, 2s. 6d.; Helpful (Dundee), £5; W. A. Jagger, 5s.; R. M. E. (Ryde, I.O.W.), 1s. 6d.; Anne, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Whalley), 5s.; Mrs. J. Bruce, 2s. 6d.; Miss A. E. Venner, 6d.; P. M. (Beaufort Street), 3s.; J. Seaman, 5s.; The Deyvils (Great Yarmouth), 1s.; J. R. (Clitheroe), 2s. 6d.; Dan Thomas, 2s. 6d.; A Well Wisher (Derby), 1s.; Anon., 2s.; F. Burgess (Neasham), 2s.; G. A. W. (Scotstoun), 1s.; Relay (Stoke-on-Trent), 1s.; Mr. Reginald A. Howard (Manitoba), 1s.; Mr. Peter Laurie (Motherwell), 6d.; Mrs. I. Adams, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Blackwell (Blackburn), 2s.; A. N. P., 2s. 6d.; Odd-Man (Berks), 5s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: T. L. Skinner; R. M. Aitkin (Perim Island); A Sussex Widow; Mother of Six; Sympathy (Portslade); A. C. Lines (Gillingham); M. W. Scone; Mrs. B. (Sutton-on-Trent); Lilian Lanham; For the Very Poor.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

Try a

BLUE BANANA

It's something different—a funny story by Ashley Sterne in the JOHN BULL SUMMER ANNUAL.

You've never seen anything quite like this wonderful holiday number—the fruit of the best artists and authors: something to appeal to the appetite of everyone.

Don't slip up on this—get your copy to-day—sixpence.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

O. W. (Kelvedon).—"What is a woman's age?" Double it.

B. T. (Welshpool).—"Bee-keeping is jolly hard work." So it isn't all honey.

DISGUSTED (Wapping).—"Where, I ask, is the country tavern to-day?" In the country.

M. T. (Endridge).—"I've made great strides in my job." We've guessed it—you're a bookie.

HARRY (Tufnell Park).—"Whilst driving home I was struck by a very bright idea." A lamp-post?

H. R. (Tiverton).—"I have just opened a ham and beef shop." We hope you will carve a career for yourself.

E. F. (Whitehaven).—"Anyway, talk's cheap." But not if you have bought an expensive three-valve set to listen to it.

G. L. (Thurso).—"We have just formed a dumb animals' league." It's time husbands united.

F. B. (Hackney).—"The modern girl pays too much attention to stockings." So does the modern youth.

E. C. (Carlisle).—"All my family object to my future husband." Perhaps his car is only a two-seater.

H. L. (Stoke-Doyle).—"A popular song composer has many imitators." But they all died before he was born.

G. B. (Winchester).—"I believe in spending a long time over meals." We hope our office boy won't read this one.

JACK DOMO (Tilbury).—"Should a husband put his foot down?" Not unless he wants his wife to put her back up.

MAB (Basingstoke).—"What does it mean when a man calls me 'Honey'?" Often means some other girl has just rung him.

J. STARMER (Howth).—"The man next door objects to the flagstaff on my house." Perhaps he has only got a mortgage on his.

MRS. BROWN (Southsea).—"My husband writes to me nearly every day when I'm away." Most women read a lot of fiction on holiday.

H. B. (Crawley).—"A lot of the American visitors to England are bringing their own cars." The trouble is that they'll use our pedestrians.

MISS G. (Frinton).—"I wonder if a motorman would make a good husband." Well, you should have no reason to complain of the way he'll treat you.

S. D. (Egham).—"My wife has left me entirely without reason." Perhaps that's how she found you.

B. N. (Oxhey).—"Every beginner seems to think that golf is easy." That also applies to marriage.

B. D. L. (Southport).—"Our maid walks out with the milkman." Ours usually walk out by themselves—after the first month.

G. N. (Kensington).—"There will be no peace until all nations adopt a universal language." Then there will be a war to determine which language to adopt.

S. R. (Carlisle).—"It is hard to lose a good wife." It is harder still to lose a bad one.

G. N. (Dorking).—"My wife and I run a veterinary establishment." What a cat-and-dog life!

O. H. (St. Leonards).—"Is it wise to go into the sea after your breakfast?" No. You will not find it there.

D. M. (Dulwich).—"Walking is excellent exercise." It certainly exercises the wits.

N. O. (Deptford).—"I can write equally well with both hands." Equally badly, you mean.

TIM J. (Hastings).—"You can't believe all that a fisherman says." There's usually a catch in it somewhere.

J. F. (Swansea).—"A man has a right to control his wife." And a left to defend himself with if she resents it.

B. Y. (Bungay).—"Can you tell me the difference between mutton and lamb?" Somewhere about sixpence a pound.

CLARA F. (Petersham).—"He came to me and said he couldn't love me any longer." But you've done growing, haven't you?

B. N. (Oxshott).—"A girl is not always happy even when she gets the man she wants." But she is if she gets the man some other woman wants.

B. T. (Welshpool).—"In many parts of the country people are paying a penny a pint for water." In London we pay ninepence.

H. E. (Denmark Hill).—"If Shakespeare were alive to-day, he would be looked upon as a remarkable man." Well, for one thing, he would be over 300 years old.

T. N. (York).—"Married men are much more inventive than single men." They have to be.

T. W. (Luton).—"A motor-cycle certainly can get you over the ground." And sometimes put you under it.

H. F. (Wolverhampton).—"What are the causes of eyestrain and earache?" Eyestrain is caused by the other woman and earache by the wife.

J. B. (Warrington).—"I am never going to marry." You pacifist!

Y. M. (Leeds).—"My neighbour lives on cheese and onions alone." He certainly ought to!

B. S. (Cranwell).—"I never worry about my husband paying attention to other women—he's crazy about me." But perhaps he has his sane intervals.

Billie (Bromley).—"I fell out with my sweetheart on the pier at Brighton" . . . .

. . . . That's better than falling in with her off the pier at Brighton.

R. C. (Dover).—"Fish is good for the brain." Fishing certainly stimulates the imagination.

PERCY (Grange-over-Sands).—"Every picture tells a story." Let's hope your photograph tells a thumping lie.

I. E. (Putney).—"Are there any women in England getting the salaries of Cabinet Ministers?" Yes, the wives of Cabinet Ministers.

MISS F. G. (Croydon).—"Have you noticed that small women always seem to get the best husbands?" Well, they certainly marry men whom they can look up to.

E. N. (Esher).—"I would like to hear what you think of my poem." You wouldn't.

C.V. (Wrexham).—"Marriage broadens a man." And at the same time makes him rather short.

K. T. (Manchester).—"I have just seen a play with four intervals." The author must hold shares in a brewery.

D. F. (Grimsby).—"Many a man does not go out at night because of the danger he runs." On reaching home?

G. D. (Ilford).—"I can't stand being shut up in an office." You don't mind it at home.

G. B. (Bayswater).—"A modern poet does not look like a poet." And he doesn't write like one either.

W. N. (Manchester).—"People may grumble, but I think our climate is all right." Certainly. As right as rain.

F. U. (Galloway).—"Why do women give their husbands cigars for their birthdays?" To cure them of smoking.

T. G. M. (Belfast).—"I missed my train and it cost me a day's wages." It may cost you £1,000 if you miss the last car on the "Bullets" speedway this week.

A. S. K. (Perth).—"What would happen if brewers struck?" The slogan "See Britain First" would be changed to "See Britain Thirst."

L. T. (Brockley).—"I seem to have made a mistake with the metre of the enclosed poem." You certainly have; it reads just like an escape of gas.

P. T. (Hammersmith).—"Telephone subscribers are warned against dropping the final syllable of words." Especially when saying "Hello," we suppose.

J. J. (Whitley Bay).—"A car can take you into a new world." Yes, if you don't jump quickly enough.

B. T. (Derby).—"I am not walking out with any particular young lady." No particular young lady would walk out with you.

A. L. (Robertsbridge).—"Why should the bride always be a blushing one?" Well, see what she has to admit is her husband!

K. D. (Ely).—"Crimes occur in epidemics." Yet the criminals are not easily spotted.

L.P. (Holborn).—"To live long, people should subsist on fish, carrots and spinach." Do you call that living?

S. P. (Grasmere).—"Ignorant folk are inclined to despise the donkey. But what would you place before this noble beast?" A carrot.

P. K. (Torrington).—"What is the cure for love at first sight?" Second sight.

B. S. (Woolwich).—"I broke into a lawyer's house last night." How much did you lose?

P. A. (Darlington).—"My fiancée is the breath of my life." Do you often hold your breath?

H. L. (Mitcham).—"Girls will be girls." Some don't even leave off when they've been women for years.

P. L. (Tottenham).—"A bachelor does as he likes; but what can a married man do?" Not a single thing.

H. A. H. (Skegness).—"A bee has from 5,000 to 14,000 eyes." Then why does it sit down in the wrong place so often?

H. B. (Plymouth).—"In spite of the talkie craze, I think we shall always have the silent film." That remains to be seen.

E. P. (St. John's Wood).—"I am an excellent musician, having played some sort of instrument all my life." Your own trumpet?

C. H. (Vauxhall).—"I do all the work in my own shop, and yet the law tells me when to shut up." That's your wife's one privilege.

L. S. (Keighley).—"Roast beef has made England what she is to-day." That is the most powerful argument we have ever heard for vegetarianism.

L. S. (Haydock).—"I have invented a more permanent finish for motor-cars." There is nothing yet to beat a collision with a locomotive at a level-crossing.

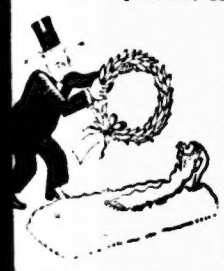
M. P. (Carnforth).—"Most people are buying cars at so much down." And complaining that the roads are so much up

E. D. (Herne Hill).—"What do you think of the enc'osed cigars I got from an aviator?" What does he use them for—sky-writing?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Samples of genuine unconscious humour from the press. Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not invited. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."



EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"I believe the OLDEST LIVING person in Norfolk to be Joseph Ashton, who was BURIED in Hockham Churchyard, aged 112 years."

DOVER EXPRESS AND EAST KENT NEWS:—"He was further charged with assaulting P.C. ——— by striking him in the face WITH HIS FACE."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"A man's clothes weigh two or three times the amount the average WOMAN WEIGHS IN A HEAT WAVE."

DAILY MAIL:—"Men and women MOTOR-CARS RAN to the houses."

BETTY'S PAPER:—"In silence he proceed to lay out the things. He TALKED as he did so."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"Articles were afterwards found under a chair UNDER which prisoner WAS SITTING."

GREENWICH TIMES:—"The committee are arranging to take 350 children to the Downs, AUGUST 21. DATE WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER."

YORKS EVENING NEWS:—"Relayed by microscopes installed on each table."

CUPID'S DIARY:—"Then Grant took her FACE in HIS HANDS, TILTED IT UPWARD and KISSED HER on the lips."

DEDDINGTON DEANERY MAGAZINE:—"A plan SUITABLY ENGRAVED with 25 ONE PAGE NOTES."

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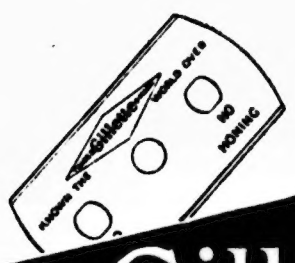
TIME to remember

Feel your chin at 4 p.m.

Now, if you had had a genuine Gillette blade this morning your chin wouldn't be feeling like that.

Buy a packet on the way home and notice the absence of stubble at 4 p.m. to-morrow.



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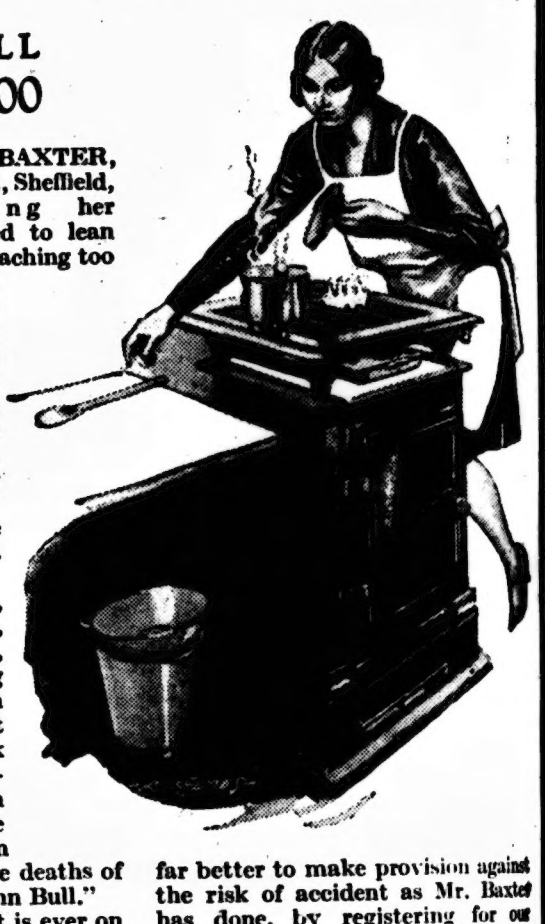
Reader's Tragic Death

JOHN BULL PAYS £100



MRS. GERTRUDE BAXTER, 64, Cherry Street, Sheffield, whilst cooking her husband's dinner happened to lean over the gas-stove. Approaching too near to the jet, the flames brushed her apron, set it on fire and spread like lightning to her blouse and hair. She was burned to death.

To her husband, a checker on the L.M.S., who is left with four children, "John Bull" has dispatched a cheque for £100 under its Great Free Insurance Gift.

Cooking the dinner, ironing the week's wash, cleaning the cellar steps, hanging curtains, cleaning clothes, washing linoleum—who would imagine that deadly danger could lurk in such homely and innocent domestic duties such as these? Yet they have all been responsible within the last few weeks for the deaths of registered readers of "John Bull."

The Demon of Accident is ever on the alert to catch the unwary. It is far better to make provision against the risk of accident as Mr. Baxter has done, by registering for our Great Gift on the forms below.

Home Accidents—£2 per week

Owing to lack of space we give below the names of a few only who benefit this week under Home Accidents.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, LANCS.—Mrs. F. Brocklebank, 145, Marlborough Street.
BRENTFORD, MIDDX.—Mrs. A. L. Hull, 16, Albany Road.
NR. BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. E. Aldred, 19, Wingates Grove, Westhoughton.
BRIDLINGTON, YORKS.—Mrs. J. Ward, Waterloo Cott., North Marine Road.
BATLEY, YORKSHIRE.—Mrs. R. Hughes, 45, Wilson's Bldgs., Bradford Road C.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. Thacker, 39, Erskine Street, Vauxhall.
BRADFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. F. Bottomley, 51, Pinchley St., Little Horton.
CHATTERIS, CAMBRIDGE.—Mrs. R. Lemmon, 42, West Street.
NR. CREWKERNE, SOMERSET.—Mrs. M. G. Rowsell, Haselbury, Plucknett.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. F. M. Pittard, 43, Stuart St., Bute Docks.
CRIEFF, PERTHSHIRE.—Miss M. D. McKay, Kingarth.
BOTTESFORD, NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. G. Pearson, Muston.
FULHAM, S.W.6.—Mrs. D. M. Payne, 22, Rylston Road, Lillie Road.
CORLESTON-ON-SEA, GT. YARMOUTH.—Mrs. A. Kennett, 170, Church Road.
HANLEY, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. Smith, 46, Franklyn Street.
HARWICH, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. D Sabin, 14, Cliff Rd., Dovercourt.
HEBBURN-ON-TYNE, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. S. Lloyd, 20, John St.
HINCKLEY, LEICS.—Mrs. E. Atkins, 46, Northfield Road.
HULL, YORKS.—Mrs. L. Howland, 29, Villa Place, Hessle Road.
LAKE, NR. SANDOWN.—Mrs. E. A. J. Hobbs, "Maybury," Newport Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. Saffman, 5, Well Close Road, Camp Road.
NR. LINTON, CAMBS.—R. Howard, Mill Green, by Horseheath.
LLWYNYPIA, RHONDDA.—Mrs. M. J. Phelps, Sherwood Stores, 145, Tyntyla Road.
MALDON, ESSEX.—Mrs. K. Wood, 21, Mount Pleasant.
MANSFIELD, NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. F. Townsend, 21, Byron St.
MOSSLEY, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. Price, 20, Wyre Street.
NEATH, GLAM.—Mrs. W. M. Furse, 21, Lewis Road.
NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. J. Williams 1, Red Cottage, Ivy Road, Cosforth.
NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. H. Meadows, 72, Colwyn Road.
OLDHAM.—Mrs. S. A. Whitehead, 21, St. James Street, Shaw.
PETERSFIELD, HANTS.—Mr. F. H. Bennett, 17, Penns Road.
PLUMSTEAD, S.E.18.—Mrs. A. Dickins, 19, Coupland Terrace.
NR. PRESTON, LANCS.—Mrs. A. A. Bolton, 78, Preston Road, Longridge.
PONTEFRACT, YORKS.—Mrs. R. Lee, 23, Harewood Avenue.
ROCHDALE, LANCS.—Miss H. R. Cryer, 89, Moss Street.
ROTHERHAM, YORKS.—Mrs. M. A. Staniforth, 48, Foundry St., Masbro'.
RUGBY, WARWICKSHIRE.—Mrs. A. Spenceley, 91, Victoria Street, New Bilton.
NORTH SHIELDS.—Mr. Geo. R. Glass, 57, North Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. E. Wright, 73, Romsey Road, Shirley.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. L. Adams, 46, Pinegrove Road, Sholing.
STOCKPORT.—Mrs. D. Smith, 12, Moorside Rd., Heaton Moor.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. E. Kirk, 26, Middle John St., Longton.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mr. Wm. H. Jervis, 70, Sutherland Road, Longton.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. E. Renshaw, 109, Church View, Talke-on-the-Hill.
WALTHAMSTOW, E.17.—Mrs. A. E. J. Futcher, 35, Brookscroft Road.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" wont away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagents to commence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

In addition to Home Accidents, "John Bull" provides Benefits on account of Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Children's Accidents.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent).....
Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 10/8/29.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 10/8/29.

BE QUICK FOR "BULLETS" £1,000.

TAKE your seats now for the last trip on the *Bullets* £1,000 speedway! It closes on Saturday, August 17th, so if you want to be enriched by this fascinating trip to fortune, you have no time to lose.

The instructions are simple. Just choose one of the *Examples* opposite and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. For instance, if you were to choose the *Example* BURDEN OF WORK, the added words ONLY "ASSES" JIB AT, would form a complete *Bullet*.

Study the big Holiday Prize-winners' *Bullets* below: they will show you the way to the winning list in this record August offer which is shortly closing.

MORE BIG HOLIDAY PRIZE-WINNERS!

FIRST PRIZE OF £350, "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 723.

Mr. W. LINDSAY, Rewton, Dumfries, N.B.
Example:—THE NEXT MEAL
Bullet:—WORRY THAT'S "EATING" MANY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. S. BROCK, York House, Hitchinbrook, Cleg.
Example—CLEAR ENOUGH
Bullet—YOURS HAVEN'T BANISHED "ASSES."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. H. HOBSON, 21, Boydon Street, Hull, Yorks.
Example—EARNS RESPECT
Bullet—WATER, WHEN "FALLING LOW."

5 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

BAILEY, 91, Stanley Street, Willington Quay-on-Tyne.
ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK—THEN MISSUS "DOWN THROAT."
G. BARNES, c/o Foster's Wine Stores, High Road, Pelham, S.W.12.
ON THE SEA FRONT—TELEPHONE GIRL ISAYS "HULLO!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).
BIRDSALL, c/o Mrs. Darby, 35, Oxley Street, Wolverhampton.
COME TO BRITAIN!"—HALF-HEARTEDLY—COME, COME, BRITAIN!
BLACKWORTH, 19, Foxdale Avenue, Blackpool.
ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK—"SWALLOW" MAKING SENSES "MIGRATE."
CONNELL, 26, Craig Park Lane, Malpas, Newport, Mon.
TAKEN YEARS—OFF HER, HIS OFFER.
[illegible], 2, Rhoda's Terrace, Strichland St., Hull.
THE NEXT MEAL—"POSER"—MOTHER'S THE "ANSWER."
[illegible], 74, Westbourne Park Villas, Bayswater.
THROWN AWAY—CIGARETTE—AND BEAUTIFUL WOODLAND.
[illegible], Beast Fair, Snaith, Nr. Goole.
FROM THE CRADLE—SHE "HAS HER WEIGHED."
[illegible], 18, Norfolk Drive, Glen Road, Belfast.
ANOTHER LAWBREAKERS, THE BIGGEST ROGUES.
[illegible], 1, Victoria Street Cottages, Gloucester.
SPOILING THE COUNTRYSIDE—"O.I. THROW IT AWAY HERE!"
[illegible], Main Street, Baldoyle, Co. Dublin.
STRING OF LIES—NEVER FASTENED TROUBLE'S KILLING."
A. EVANS, The Ancaster, Bettws-y-Coed.
SPOILING THE COUNTRYSIDE — SPEED — THE COUNTRY LETHARGY.
[illegible], 15, Clark Avenue, Pontefract Lane, Leeds.
HAPPY AS A KING—INCOGNITO—CITIZEN IN LIMELIGHT.
[illegible], 38, Parliament Street, Burnley.
THROWN AWAY—LOVE'S RICHES—LOVES RICHES.
[illegible], 65, Fairbank Road, Bradford.
"COME TO BRITAIN!"—"PLASTER" IT IN "PARIS."
[illegible], National School, London Rd., Gloucester.
ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK—CONVIVIALITY'S "LINK"—CHANCELLOR'S "CHAIN."
[illegible], 38, Merton Road, Basingstoke, Hants.
WE'RE SUFFERING FROM—MISTRUST—NOBODY DOUBTS *That*.
[illegible], Merrow Cottage, E. Clandon, Nr. Guildford
FROM THE CRADLE—MOTHER TORN—FATHER TEARS.
[illegible], 9, Brierville, Durham City.
EX-SOLDIER, "ANY COMPLAINTS?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

J. H. ROGERS, Russell Cottage, Highley, Kidderminster.
HIS LAST SHILLING—JUDGING BY MILLIONAIRE'S EXPRESSION.
W. J. RYAN, 6, Fort Terrace, Barnstaple.
WHAT WE'RE SUFFERING FROM—SUN STRIKING—THEN SUNSTROKE.
J. SINCLAIR, 16, Garturk St., Govanhill, Glasgow.
"COME TO BRITAIN!"—HOTEL CORRIDORS ECHO—"BITTEN!"
Miss G. M. THWAITES, 209A, Wingrove Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
ONLY A WOMAN—NEVERTHELESS, NEVER THE LESSER.
C. VERNON, Central Terrace, Edlington, Nr. Doncaster.
STRING OF LIES—SNAPS—"HOLDS HIM DOWN."
V. R. WATERER, 11, Littlefield Rd., Burnt Oak, N.W.
SPOILING THE COUNTRYSIDE—WASN'T LONDON ONCE COUNTRYSIDE?

A list of 50 10/- winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our weekly help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The original cheque for £350 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 722 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Parsons, 17 Nechells Place, Nechells, Birmingham.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 726 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 726.

ON LIFE'S SWITCHBACK
NOT WANTED
SHOWS IT'S BRITISH
SMART CAPTIVE
OFTEN
SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY
THORNY PATH
MAN WITH A FUTURE
HOUSES
HEAVEN HELP US IF
BRAVE HUSBAND
CORNERED
BURSTING THE BONDS
BENEATH HER
THROUGH THICK AND THIN
NOBODY MINDS
WE MAY LAUGH BUT
BRUTAL
WITHOUT SUCCESS
HEARD TOO OFTEN
AN EXTRA
TO THE MONEYLENDER
GIANT'S TASK
THEY'RE ON HOLIDAY, SO
ALREADY
MISTAKE OF MY LIFE
SOMETHING SLIPPED AND
BURDEN OF WORK
PLEASE, MRS. LANDLADY
HONOURS EVEN
LEAVING TROUBLES BEHIND
SAVED FROM DISASTER
NOT WORTH TWOPENCE
MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE
OUR HOPE
MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS
SERVING HIS APPRENTICESHIP
WANTED BY THE POLICE
GUIDING HAND
WHY MOTOR'S CALLED "SHE"

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, August 17.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(726) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.
ADDRESS COUPONS: "Bullets" No. 726, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

MR. JACK BUCHANAN,
the great actor producer, writes: "I find 'Shavex' absolutely perfect for shaving. It is most refreshing and so easy, and it gives me the best shave I have ever had."

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS,
the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour and find it wonderful. I get a fine close comfortable shave and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh.

After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

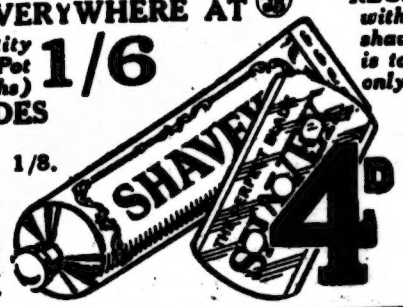
The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube **1/-** *Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months)* **1/6**

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
PACKET OF 5 BLADES 1/8.
One Blade 4d.

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND A SHAVEX SUPER BLADE FOR—



JACK: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.
REG.: It's no use, I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore, and shaving soap only makes it worse.
JACK: Good Lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin, and all the soreness will disappear.

Send this COUPON To-day!
for FREE SAMPLE of SHAVEX and TRIAL SHAVEX BLADE POST FREE.

Cut this Coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 4d. stamp to cover packing and postage to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SKIN DISEASES

Healed in a Night

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

SORE FEET, ABRASIONS, ETC.
One will never suffer with Sore Feet if Zee-Kol is applied at nights and socks worn while sleeping.

ERYSIPELAS.
"Zee-Kol cured my Erysipelas."

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Arabia Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18) 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.** At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful & Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day which are only ordinary soaps
Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.
No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price 6d. instead of 1/- A guinea could not buy a more perfect soap. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

NEVER before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 3/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
OLIVE OIL costs 7d. per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, and it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all.
The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap.
It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Soap and I will always use it and recommend it to all my friends."—PHYLLIS MONKMAN.
"Your Zee-Kol Soap is excellent for the skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful soap."—FAY COMPTON.
"A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."—LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

"Unlike other soaps it does not dry up the skin, but has a softening and stimulating effect. It is a Perfect Soap."—MADGE TITHERADGE.
"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."—PHYLLIS DARE.
"A wonderful and soothing soap for the skin. My skin is very sensitive so I am happy to find such a perfect soap."—KYRLE BELLEW.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

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